The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1896.

The Week.

THE resolutions adopted at the meeting in this city last week to promote international arbitration do not commit anybody to any particular *modus operandi*, but merely to "some wise method of arbitration." By avoiding the plan, which is favored by some, of a permanent high court of arbitration, the coöperation may be secured of all persons who favor the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means, leaving the method to future negotiations and adjustment. There are serious obstacles to a permanent high court of arbitration, the chief of which is, that a court must act under rules, and that rules for its guidance cannot be fixed in advance of the disputes which have to be adjusted. For example, the rules applicable to the Geneva arbitration (*Alabama* claims) would not have answered for the Paris arbitration on the Bering Sea question, while neither of these would have fitted the Venezuelan boundary dispute. Therefore the only practicable and safe approach to an agreement for arbitration as a rule of national life is to treat each case as it arises. The important thing is to get the nation, and eventually the world, into a habit of mind —that of regarding international differences as things to be settled in some other way than by fighting. Fortunately much has been done to bring us to that state of mind by the two great examples mentioned—those of Geneva and of Paris. The former especially was an affair of immense importance, settling, as it did, a most irritating question at a cost of only two or three days' expenses of a modern war.

The meeting on Washington's Birthday in Independence Hall, for the same object, was a great success, and its tone and spirit, together with the influence of many similar meetings held on the same day in different cities, will contribute much towards making the projected arbitration convention at Washington a true demonstration of national sentiment. Kipling's recent story, "How the Ship Found Herself," makes the first use of the steamer's true voice to exclaim, "What a fool I have been!" That is practically the confession which this country is making, by the mouth of these eminent jurists, clergymen, educators, and military men, who unite in a public protest against the needlessness and barbarity of a resort to war to settle international disputes, and in a demand for a "permanent system of judicial arbitration" between America and England. Bishop Potter justly said that the miserable Venezuelan imbroglio would be worth all it cost if it led to "a truly great and widespread movement for some common basis of understanding and action that shall minimize to the utmost possible extent the possibilities—between the two peoples that more than any other in all the world hold in their hands the future of a higher civilization—of the madness, the savagery, the brutality of war." President Cleveland's expression of his "hearty sympathy with any movement that tends to the establishment of peaceful agencies for the adjustment of international disputes," was certainly all that could have been expected, and we are not disposed to scrutinize too narrowly the phraseology by which this distinguished convert gives in his adhesion.

A very striking and encouraging evidence of a healthy change in public sentiment in this State towards war was seen in the action of the Assembly at Albany on Monday evening. A resolution was pending before it urging Congress to increase the navy, construct elaborate coast defences, form a closer alliance with other republics on this continent, and "acquire Cuba, preferably by purchase." When this came up for consideration, Mr. Kempner offered as a substitute a series of resolutions saying that the true grandeur of nations lay in the arts of civilization rather than in the wasteful, bitter violence of war, declaring that the Legislature earnestly desires Congress and the President to make permanent provisions for some wise method of international arbitration, and requesting the Governor to forward a copy of the resolutions to the Governors of other States in the Union asking them to coöperate in the movement for a national conference upon the subject at Washington. This substitute was adopted with only one dissenting vote, that of the author of the first resolution. Members of both parties thus went upon the record against Jingoism, and their action gives unmistakable evidence that the "war party" in this State is a very insignificant minority.

During the past week a plan of settlement of the Venezuelan controversy, called "the Smalley plan," has made its appearance in the columns of the London *Times*, Mr. Smalley being the New York correspondent of that paper. That the *Times* should have a plan of its own naturally irritates other papers, especially the *Chronicle*. Moreover, the *Times* correspondent, probably shrinking from this resentment, says the plan is not his, but one prepared by the American Government for submission at the proper time. But our State Department, doubtless foreseeing the consequences of an admission that it has told more to the *Times* than to the *Chronicle*, the *Globe*, or the *St. James's*, stoutly maintains that Mr. Smalley is in error, and that it has neither prepared nor proposed any plan. There is only one way out of this imbroglio, and that is the communication to more newspapers—say twelve—of the real secret of the negotiations. Delays are proverbially dangerous. In the multitude of newspapers there is safety, and no plan which has only one newspaper behind it can command the confidence of a great people.

The venerable Jules Simon has a striking letter on arbitration in the February *Cosmopolis*. He says that war was never so likely as at the present moment, and yet never so impossible—never so likely, on account of the many *casus belli* piling up in various parts of the world; never so impossible, on account of the fearful nature of any great war and of its inevitable results. The improvements in the art of war are such as to make it as fatal to victors as to vanquished, to neutrals as to belligerents. The dread of war's enormous catastrophes no doubt stays many a rash hand, and is, in a sense, of itself a guarantee of peace. But, as M. Simon says, is living in this state of armed apprehension a tolerable way for civilized nations to live? If all profess, as all do, a love of peace and a horror of war, why not take prompt steps to make peace all but certain? That is the question which the advocates of international arbitration are asking to-day with redoubled emphasis, and the only answer they get from the Jingoes is that war is a glorious spectacle, and a sport worthy to be named even above the prize-fighting which they love and praise almost equally. There can be no doubt that in this country, as in England and France, the mass of the people are ready to accept arbitration more swiftly and completely than are their rulers. In this situation, as M. Simon asserts, "If diplomacy stumbles at technicalities in the presence of such perils, let public opinion force its hand."

The laurels gathered by Mr. Hannis Taylor in the field of diplomacy have not attracted general admiration heretofore, and his latest exploit will not add much to his fame or that of the United States. A Spanish naval officer read a paper before the Geographical Society of Madrid, in which he expressed certain opinions, sufficiently absurd, no doubt, of this country and its inhabitants. Among other things he had observed here was a company of young ladies drilling for military service, from which he drew the inference that the future defenders of the republic were to be of the female sex—the men, perhaps, supporting themselves by needlework or taking in washing. He

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had probably seen some school-girls practising the Delsarte system, and reached that extraordinary conclusion. No matter how he came by them, his comments are not more extraordinary than some that we are accustomed to see in the gravest French publications. Minister Taylor was ruffled by this communication to the Madrid geographers, and addressed a note to the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs. There are various accounts in the newspapers of the import and tenor of this note. It is not important to anybody except Mr. Taylor himself what he said, but that he should have taken any notice at all of a paper read at a private gathering ought to be mortifying to American pride, and would be were we not so accustomed to the *gaucheries* of our representatives abroad and so hardened by them. It appears that Capt. Concas, the offender of Taylor, was not attached in an official capacity to the Spanish visitors to the Columbian Exposition.

Senator Morgan "went gunning" for Spain in the Senate on Thursday, in company with Lodge of Massachusetts. After they had finished there was not much to choose between them and Capt. Concas on the score of good manners. Morgan said that Spain was daily committing outrages on humanity itself by its treatment of prisoners taken in Cuba. "Spain fills to repletion her prison in Africa," he said, "with persons captured out of the army of the rebels. . . . Spain inflicts upon them penalties, under the name of law, which their crimes would not deserve even if they were individuals engaged separate and apart, or in little squads, in insurrection against the Government of Spain." Morgan wanted to have belligerent rights accorded to them by our Government. Lodge went farther. "I should like to see some more positive action taken than that," he said. What more positive action could we take unless we should interfere in Cuban affairs by force—that is, make war against Spain? We refer to these speeches merely to point out the insignificance of the offence which called out Mr. Taylor's note to the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs in comparison with the affronts publicly put upon a friendly government by some of the highest officials of our own.

All expectation of passing the tariff bill in the Senate has been abandoned, and it is now said that the free-coinage bill that was sent by the Senate to the House (as a substitute for the bond bill of the latter) will not receive the compliment of a conference committee. This is a satisfactory disposition of both measures. Senator Smith said the other day, with keen discernment and retrospection, that the best thing Congress could do would be to adjourn. This sentiment was heartily applauded by the country, but since Congress will not take the hint and adjourn immediately, the next best thing is for the House to reject all the Senate bills and the Senate to reject all the House bills except the regular appropriations. The special appropriations, of which there is a formidable mass looming up, such as bills for new battle-ships, coast fortifications, the Nicaragua Canal, the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie ship-canal, etc., ought to be solemnly knocked in the head as fast as they show themselves. It would be a saving of time if all these measures were given the *coup de grâce* in the House first, but the probability is that they will first see the light in the Senate as amendments to ordinary appropriation bills, in which case we hope that Speaker Reed will have a long knife whetted and ready for each of them.

Against the protests of the chairman of the House committee on agriculture, and apparently in defiance of a rule of the House which provides that no amendment to an appropriation bill shall change existing law, the agricultural bill was passed last week, with a clause making it mandatory upon Secretary Morton to buy and distribute $150,000 worth of seeds. The existing statute requires that such seeds must be "rare and uncommon," but this is now explicitly repealed—whether legally or not, it may yet be for the Attorney-General and the courts to decide. But there was at least debate enough to make the unblushing nature of the performance perfectly clear. The arguments for the Government's going into the seed business were just three. Secretary Morton is against silver, and we'll make him distribute seeds whether he wants to or not, law or no law. Secondly, Wall Street and the gold-bugs have corrupted this Congress and bought so many favors from it that we must make a show of doing something for the farmer, whether it is what he wants or not. Thirdly, those seeds are ours, and we are going to have them allotted to us personally; and no usurper shall be allowed to override the majestic and inalienable privilege of every Congressman to have thirteen packages of turnip seed go with his seat. In the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress, seeds!

The discussion in the House last week over the question of the proper pay of five Indian inspectors concerned a petty matter, so far as the amount of money at issue went, but it involved the whole matter of economy in appropriations. The point was whether the salary of these five men should be made a few hundred dollars apiece larger than it has been, but the chairman of the appropriations committee and other prominent Republicans treated it as a test of party policy on the question of economy. Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio, for example, said:

"I stand here for one to make a record that will show to mankind that in this year, in the great depression of business, in a time when everybody is suffering, and appeals are coming to Congress from every direction, I will not vote to increase salaries at a ratio of 25 per cent., or nearly that amount, in an appropriation. I warn you, gentlemen of the House of Representatives on both sides, that the people of this country have their eye on this particular Congress, and one of the things they are looking to is to see whether we are willing to create new offices and give exaggerated salaries to existing officers."

Despite such appeals, however, enough Republicans joined with the Democrats to carry the increase. The Democrats, of course, think it "good politics" to have another "billion-dollar Congress" for a campaign argument against the Republicans, if they can get it, and there are a good many Republicans who do not seem to be afraid to run the risk.

Fortunately, Speaker Reed is conceded by everybody to stand firm on this question, and while there are signs of revolt against him, his influence is still tremendous and may prove decisive on more important issues than the one decided last week. The welcome announcement is made, on what seems to be good authority, that the Republican managers of the House will not let down the bars even for the sake of appropriating large sums for new war-ships. The Jingo element has urged that the money for new ships need not be appropriated this year, but all that will be necessary will be for the House to sanction their building and appropriate the money to start the work. The House leaders reply that such legislation would be in the nature of a promise to pay, and that although the money in bulk should not be appropriated this year, this Congress would be held responsible for the legislation and the spending of the money. Mr. Dingley, chairman of the ways and means, maintains that the Republican leaders are doing the best they can, for both the country and the party, when they take this stand, and he is quite right. So far as Speaker Reed is concerned, economy is undoubtedly the best card that he can play in the game for the Republican nomination.

A petition addressed to members of Congress has been sent out for signature by the President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at Mansfield, O. It is in these terms:

"The introduction of any measure in your honorable body looking towards military training in the public schools of this country is sincerely regretted. We believe it will prove one of the mistakes of the century just closing to utilize in any way our cherished educational system for war necessities. We earnestly ask you to work and vote against all bills and resolutions that aim to accomplish such a purpose."

We do not believe any such petition unaccompanied by argument will produce any effect on any member of Congress. We are in the midst of an attempt, long prepared, to convert this into a military nation, with hostility to foreigners as the leading motive in its politics and in the education of its youth. This attempt was begun, and is continued, mainly as a

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support to high-tariff legislation. As long as the leading party in the country makes the enactment of high tariff its main concern, to the neglect of nearly every other governmental interest, this motive will continue to be cherished in every way possible, including military drill in the schools. Nor will the drill be taught as a means of physical culture. It will be taught as a preparation for war, that is, for the slaughter of certain people—particularly the British—and the destruction of their houses and ships. Every canvass in promotion of the tariff will consist largely in abuse of foreigners, and exposures of their designs against our peace, prosperity, and security, and out of this will come constant preparations for defence against attacks by them on our coasts and navy. Therefore, there is, in our opinion, little use in trying to cure the war fever without attacking it at its source, which is the protectionist mania.

Twenty-five Republican Congressmen from Pennsylvania, "having seen mention in the newspapers" of the fact that Matt Quay might possibly be a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, have "taken this opportunity" to request him to be one, and to assure him that "from the numerous expressions of sentiment in our respective districts by leading Republicans the mention of your candidacy is received with great favor and that you will obtain their support." They remark that it is some time since Pennsylvania had a candidate for the Presidency, but they hold that "there is no reason why our great Republican State should longer be ignored, and we believe that the man and the occasion unite in making your candidacy available at the present time." In reply, Mr. Quay informs his correspondents that some days before, "in deference to friends whose wishes could not be disregarded," he had signified his willingness that his name should go before the Republicans of the country "in the high connection you mention," and that the "kind coincidence" of the Congressmen in this suggestion was "exceedingly gratifying." He concluded, "Believing that they and you are equally sincere, I remit my candidacy in all good faith to the wisdom of the delegates who will assemble at St. Louis on the 16th of June next." Being asked by a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* what his "campaign slogan" would be, Mr. Quay replied "without hesitation": "More protection, more money, more public improvements, and municipal reform."

The first effect of all this was to take away the breath of the editor of the *Press*, and make him "stand dumb," and dumb he has remained in his own paper. In this city he was heard to say that "of course the purpose of Mr. Quay's candidacy was to hold and solidify the Pennsylvania delegation." He seemed to have no views to express about the possible shame which a delegation solidified for a candidate of such character might bring upon the State. No candidacy quite equal to this in cynical defiance of the moral sentiment of the country has ever been put forward in either party, backed as this is by the apparently solid support of a great State. Senator Gorman's candidacy in 1892 came nearest to it, but he had only a small State behind him, and was morally Quay's superior.

How much of the money paid over for the late Government loan has come from home reserves, and how much from foreign markets? At least $67,000,000 has been paid on bond subscriptions. Now there has been imported, since the opening of the year, exclusive of coin in transit, not more than $15,000,000 gold. This sum must represent the maximum of the bond subscriptions which up to date have been actually drawn from European money reserves. In other words, ignoring all payments left on deposit with the banks, at least $50,000,000 has, since the 8th of February, been withdrawn from the domestic market and absolutely locked up from public use. Now let us see what has been the effect on the market of this withdrawal. In the opening week of January, when the bond issue was announced, call money rose in New York to 35 per cent. Two weeks later, 6 per cent. was virtually the lowest, and time loans brought as high as 12. This clearly arose from uncertainty as to how much money was being withheld by lenders in view of a possible genuine and heavy over-subscription to the bonds. That the extreme high rates were caused by this, and not by misgivings over the actual withdrawal of $111,000,000 in five months, was proved after the bond allotments, when all the money markets promptly receded, until the present rates for two-months' loans are down to 4 per cent., with call loans correspondingly easy. A similar result has for a fortnight past been perceptible in other domestic money markets.

One of the odd things, to the American eye, in English journalism, is the enormous hospitality accorded to the views of Mr. Moreton Frewen on American affairs, especially on American money and finance. If any one here on the spot, where his tales can be verified, attaches any importance to them, we have yet to hear of him. And yet they reach the London *Times* in ceaseless stream. It now appears that he has been seeking support from the eminent Lodge, and Lodge feeds him in a letter from which Mr. Frewen makes the following extract:

"I see Balfour comments on the astonishing outburst of feeling against England here. The bottom of it, in recent times, is England's attitude on the money question, and the way in which she has snubbed all our efforts to do anything for silver. Do you not see that gold, which you have been fighting for for years, is really at the bottom of all this business? I quite agree that we are not going to be made prosperous by borrowing; but we can check the outflow of gold by prudent legislation."

Now it is, of course, a great shame for Massachusetts that she should have a man like Lodge sitting in the chair of Daniel Webster and Edward Everett. There is no covering that up. But Mr. Frewen, when he quotes Lodge to the English public, fails to mention that he has no financial authority whatever; that nobody minds what he says about currency, or gold, or silver; that he is a "friend of silver" simply because he is a demagogue, and thought for a while that his party was rushing into the silver slough. He clamors for silver or bimetallism just as he clamors for war with England about Venezuela, or for a big navy or for coast fortifications.

That the troubles of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria will be brought to an end by the "conversion" of his infant son, Prince Boris, and baptism in the Holy Orthodox Church, is a consummation which that prince may desire, one would think, rather than confidently expect. The difficulties which have beset Prince Ferdinand since his accession to power have been of many sorts, and they seem to have weighed upon him almost in inverse ratio to their real gravity. The downfall and murder of Stambuloff he bore (if indeed he did not plan) with a light heart; while the later disturbances, domestic and political, which have arisen over the baptism of his son seem to have thrown him into great perplexity. He had, to be sure, promised at the time of his marriage that his children should be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith; but such promises are not always kept, especially in royal households. Prince Ferdinand desired to conciliate the Czar, and, perhaps even more, to smooth away the prejudices of his own people, and make more solid the foundations of his dynasty by conforming it to the national religion. Hot dissensions at once sprang up inside and outside his palace. His most earnest opponents were those of his own household. Then he took the unwise course of endeavoring to obtain the Pope's consent to the carrying out of his wishes. Very queer dispensations have at one time or another been granted at Rome, but the Holy Father evidently thought this an extreme case, and also perhaps "bad politics," and refused his sanction. Since then Prince Ferdinand has been letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," until at last he has come to a feeble and hesitating decision, and the baptism of the Prince has taken place. When Henry IV. made up his mind that Paris was worth a mass, we may be sure that he did not consult the Huguenot ministers on the question, or send the Dauphin as a proxy to assist at mass, instead of going himself.

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A DISGUISED REVOLUTION.

THE latest Platt performances at Albany and in this city serve a useful purpose in illustrating the nature of the very great change which is now going on in the government of a good many of the States, and notably and especially of this. This change would excite more alarm and apprehension if it were not disguised under the old forms. But it is in this State so great that, as a shrewd observer remarked to us the other day, the description of the working of a State government contained in Tocqueville or Bryce is here to-day a veritable political romance. There is no set of facts in existence corresponding to this description. Nothing remains of the old government except the power of the voters to transfer the offices from one set of rulers to another, somewhat after the manner of a Central American revolution. This transfer can still be made at the polls whenever the voter pleases, but, having made it, he is *functus officio*. He has literally no influence on legislation or administration. His approval or disapproval has lost all force.

It has been a favorite theory of publicists for the last fifty years that the silent, unperceived modifications which in former days so often changed democracies into oligarchies or dictatorships, as in Greece, Rome, Venice, and other Italian states, were no longer possible, owing to the vigilance and activity of the modern press. But this, in the States of New York and Pennsylvania at least, is proving a complete delusion. The press in both these States is almost wholly controlled by promoters of the revolution. Outside of New York city there are only two Republican newspapers in the State opposed to Platt. The rest of the party's editors are in some way in his employ, and print the matter which he sends them as submissively as if he exercised military rule. Except in this city and in Buffalo, no citizen throughout the State could find means of expressing dissatisfaction with the new régime except through a pamphlet. Open discussion of public measures or men has ceased in the interior. The simulacrum of it which exists, closely resembles that which prevailed in France in the early days of the Second Empire. It differs in that there were many French editors at that time who would have spoken out if they had dared, while there are apparently no Platt editors who would do differently even if they could. The most alarming thing about them, too, is the facility with which they have succumbed. An editor who quails before military force can still retain his self-respect; but to close one's mouth and repeat a master's words solely for a little office or a small loan, is too much for human dignity.

The legislative situation is a counterpart to that of the press. There is no more connection between the public and the great majority of the legislators than between the public and the newspapers. Here again the parallel between our plight and that of the French between 1851-60, jumps into our faces. There were, during most of that period, five men in the French Chambers who opposed or criticised the Government, but they were themselves well aware, as was everybody else, that their talk was mere parade. No one paid attention to them or answered them. Their presence simply enabled the ministers to say that freedom of speech still existed. There is, in like manner, a small minority at Albany which professes independence and says what it pleases, and keeps up a pretence of debate, but its words are quite idle. It influences no votes, and does not modify the plans of the Boss.

The power, too, which the Boss possesses to prescribe, promise, and even sell legislation, not on any particular class of subjects, but on all subjects whatever which lie within State jurisdiction, is absolutely novel in the sphere of parliamentary government. A similar power, undoubtedly, is possessed by the British minister, and was grossly abused through a large part of the last century, but the minister was a member of Parliament and was a recognized functionary of the state. The peculiarity of our condition is, that our Legislature and press are controlled by a private person, unknown to the law or the Government, who does not defend his schemes or answer charges, and whom there is no legal way of calling to account. We are here giving a description of the state of things in New York. But this description would be true also of Pennsylvania, where the reigning Boss has just been invited to become a candidate for the Presidency by his admirers in Congress. This is a striking illustration of the rapidity and depth of the descent which we have been trying to portray.

The cause of this descent is not difficult to explain. Our nominating system, which started into existence seventy years ago only, has in two generations been converted into a machine which threatens the destruction of popular government in two more. Nothing seemed more harmless, sensible, and even satisfactory in the beginning than a convention of elected delegates to select candidates for the party. But the contrivance unhappily came into use just as the popular vote was assuming enormous proportions. The bringing of it to the polls soon became a task of great difficulty, making work for professionals, and developing a peculiar kind of talent, although not of the highest order. The more difficult it became to organize the nominating convention, the more powerful became the organizers, the more necessary their favor to any one wishing to enter public life. When once this was perceived, their progress towards complete possession of the Government was very rapid. There is only one check to-day on their control of it, and that is the possibility of putting the other party in power; but as the other party has a Boss also, the situation cannot be really changed by an election. There is a change of persons, but not of system. Platt is substituted for Croker, or Croker for Platt, but the people do not recover possession of their administrative machinery. In other words, our nominating system has swallowed up the very thing for which the nominating system was created. It no longer selects candidates only: it selects officers. Nor does its activity cease when the election is over. It takes possession of the officer after he is elected, and prescribes his duties, whether legislative or administrative. It is permanent, while the officer is transient. Platt and Croker live and rule through many Legislatures, while every legislator comes to them every year to ask for a continuance in public life.

We have no substitute to propose for this system. We point out simply that, whatever its original merit or convenience, it is now rapidly destroying American government as imagined and framed by its founders, so that change of some kind is not a matter of choice, but of necessity, and out of the necessity we must believe that some substitute will emerge. Of the collateral effects of Bossism on the character of public men, on the condition of public life, on the credit of legislative bodies, and on the quality of legislation, we say nothing to-day. What these things will be, any intelligent man may work out for himself with a pencil and bit of paper in half an hour. The progress of the evil within two or three years has been startling indeed. As we saw in this city recently, the Bosses no longer have the decency to elect the delegates to the conventions honestly. They used to content themselves by securing the choice of their henchmen; they now do not even take the trouble to have votes cast for them. They throw in bogus ballots, and say that this will do well enough for the "Presidential year," which is rapidly becoming the appointed season for licensed political villany. The matter, therefore, cannot be let alone. We invite to it the attention of all men who love their country and believe in the future of popular government.

THE FAILURE OF REPUBLICAN MORALITY.

EVERY observer must be struck by the similarity between the political situation in this State to-day and that which existed in 1892. There was then, as now, a Boss with a powerful following, in control of the Governor and the Legislature. He then, as now, shaped, hindered, or sold legislation. Then, as now, the chief city and State officers either held office at his mercy or were very much afraid of him. Then, as now, he either levied, or was believed to levy, blackmail on corporations and rich men as the price of protection from some sort of confiscation or annoyance. Then, as now, the charters of the leading cities were treated as instruments with which the legislative majority could

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amuse themselves by altering at pleasure, vacating or abolishing the offices to suit the Boss's convenience or profit. Then, as now, there was a small minority of the Boss's party which protested against the Boss's doings, which defied his power, exposed his frauds, and asked judgment on him from the party conscience.

But here the parallel ceases. The Democratic minority who were disgusted by Hill's and Croker's fraud and corruption, broke with them absolutely. They refused all compromise. They stopped dining with them and "harmonizing" with them. They did everything that was necessary to be done to convince the public and the party that they were in earnest; that their fight was not a sham battle. They did not admit, or allow any one to suppose, that they considered "the Presidential year" a year in which fraud should be condoned, and thimbleriggers feasted, and open enemies of the American form of government treated as patriots and statesmen. The Boss had all the delegates to the national convention and the whole party machine in the State, and in truth as fine a "lay-out" as any cheat or criminal could desire. Nothing was wanting to make the reform movement seem to the ordinary politician a thoroughly visionary, crack-brained scheme, the only palpable result of which would be the loss of the State at the Presidential election. But the reformers carried out their programme with what used to be considered Republican firmness and integrity. They made a new enrolment; they called another State convention; they went to the national convention strong, not in numbers, but in truthfulness, honesty, and decency, and they made such an impression that their candidate was nominated, and was overwhelmingly elected, and received in this State a majority of nearly 45,000! The battle, as Patrick Henry said, is not always to the strong alone; it is to the active, the vigilant, the brave. "True Americanism," true patriotism, does not consist solely in fighting England. It consists mainly in fighting the domestic thieves, runagates, impostors, and blatherskites who are constantly trying to take possession of the government.

The State Republicans are face to face to-day with a crisis exactly resembling that with which the Democrats had to deal in 1892. They are, too, if we are to believe their newspapers and their clergymen, equipped for it as the Democrats have not been in forty years. They are supposed to include most of the virtue and intelligence of the community in their ranks. The Christian people, and the temperance people, and the law-abiding people, are all supposed to be on their side. Theirs mainly is public conscience and theirs are the high standards. It is they who must govern the State and nation if America is to fulfil her high mission. "Música, música," as the Spaniards say. There is no sign of any such Republican party among us. There is no sign of a single reformer with the courage or high principle of a Fairchild or Shepard. Far from putting the Boss away from them, they feast him. Far from declaring war on him, they coddle and cajole him and keep up friendly relations with him. Nay, they tremble before him. Far from treating the Presidential year as the year of all years for the display of the highest American morality, for lifting the government into the air and light of pure reason, they treat it as a peculiarly appropriate season for the condonation of fraud, for the passage of pinchbeck money, for serving up stale fish and putrid mutton, and giving thieves the run of the public offices.

One thing alone in which the Republican Boss imitates the Democratic Boss ought to shut him out of the houses of honest men, good citizens, and sincere Christians. It is no worse for Croker to levy blackmail on corporations and individuals and sell legislation than for Platt. It is no worse indication in Croker than in Platt. The men who condone or overlook it or make light of it, are far worse enemies of the United States than those foreign foes on whom the Senate has its eye. The place where "supine submission to wrong, injustice, and consequent loss to national self-respect and honor," is going on, is not, begging the President's pardon, the banks of the Essequibo or of the Orinoco, but in or about 49 Broadway. It is not in tropical pampas or forests that our ruin is being worked, but in express offices and bar-rooms and hotel parlors. Our most dangerous foes are not great monarchs or famous generals, but a ragged army of shabby hypocrites and adventurers, who live on our weakness and cowardice.

Some of the Republican reformers excuse their Plattism by assuring us that Platt, unlike Croker, keeps none of his blackmail for himself. Oh my, no. The good man uses it all for the benefit of "the party"—that is, for buying up editors and relieving impecunious legislators. But what do they know about it? In what other branch of human activity would any one venture to tell us that a man who receives money freely and renders no accounts, retains none of it for his own use? Should we not laugh in the face of any one, lay or clerical, who in any business, civil or ecclesiastical, charitable or commercial, asked us to trust him with a large income without even telling us what he does with the money? Is it not the oddest incident of American politics today that a small lot of adventurers, without financial standing or public character, should claim exemption, under extremely suspicious circumstances, from the accountability which we impose upon every man, no matter how long-tried or how much respected, in every calling? It would be odd even if they made a show of using the money for the support of crippled children. It is absurd when they decline to describe a single item in their expenditure. Every one, no matter what his professions, who helps in the maintenance of this system, either by acquiescence, silence, harmony, or coöperation, shares its guilt and is an enemy of his country.

RECOGNIZING BELLIGERENCY.

THE 'Recognition of Cuban Belligerency' is the title of a pamphlet by Prof. J. H. Beale, jr., of the Harvard Law School, reprinted from the *Law Review*. It contains a review of the action of our Government in its dealings with foreign governments, as to insurrectionary movements within their borders, and points out that the right to recognize belligerency rests upon two circumstances—the existence in fact of what in international law is regarded as legal war, and the necessity on the part of the nation which acts of recognizing the existence of the fact. The first is really the cause of the second. When an insurrectionary movement is carried on, as ours was during the Revolution, by a regular government having a definite territorial extent, and with a military and political organization, with a legislature, courts, an executive, etc., it becomes a necessity for nations having commercial relations with the inhabitants of the portion of the country in insurrection to recognize the facts of the case. It is impossible to go on treating as robbers or pirates people who have for the time being created an independent military and political society. We tried the experiment at the time of the Rebellion, and insisted upon it for two or three years that Jefferson Davis and all the whites in the South were robbers and murderers, and that the officers and crew of the *Alabama* and other rebel cruisers were pirates; that England should not have recognized the belligerency of the South, and that the South was not a belligerent. Nevertheless we ultimately had to abandon this position, admit the fact of belligerency and legal war, and abandon all idea of hanging Davis and his co-conspirators, simply because the facts were against us. We still clung to the point that England had been overhasty in recognizing the belligerency of the Southern States; but this was merely raising the question as to when belligerency became established—another question simply of fact.

The reason why it is never for the interest on the part of a neutral or friendly nation to recognize belligerency when it does not exist is, that, just as long as the insurrection remains an insurrection, the government risen against (in this case Spain) is responsible for all injury which lawlessness may produce affecting the interests of the citizens of the friendly state (in this case the United States). It is only when the insurrectionary party form a *de facto* state that this responsibility disappears, and when this responsibility

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is no longer of any value it must be recognized. If Gomez and Maceo were to drive General Weyler and his troops into the sea, and organize Cuba as an independent state, it would be of no use to go on pretending that Spain was in control. We should, for our own interests, need to rely on the responsibility of those actually in control.

To apply these remarks to the present situation of affairs is not difficult. The insurrection has neither regular army, nor navy, nor courts, nor legislature, nor executive. Its seat is said to be on top of a remote and inaccessible mountain, and the reason why we hear of its "operations" near the capital is that its forces are marauding bands "operating" in the way Rob Roy used to operate in the Highlands. Any point where there are negroes or white patriots out of work, and where there is anything to lay hands on, becomes a centre of insurrection, a centre which, the moment the booty is "touched," fades away.

The favorite argument with the newspapers seems to be that because the Spaniards are cruel, therefore we ought to recognize the belligerency of the Cubans. No amount of cruelty on the part of the Spaniards, however, will produce belligerency if none exists. What those who are indignant at the Spanish cruelty want is not a recognition of belligerency, but intervention, and this, as Mr. Beale points out, is a totally different matter. When we have made up our minds, if we come to such a conclusion, that the interests of humanity demand intervention, then our course is plain enough. We warn Spain off, of course taking the risk of war. We also should, if our cry is humanity, carefully consider how much better off Cuba would be free than under Spanish dominion, whether there exist any materials for self-government on the island, and whether we desire to have the races which inhabit it as fellow-citizens. Forcible intervention is an intelligible policy; but what we or any one else should gain by pretending that the Cubans are belligerents when they are not, is what no one has explained. The length of time during which lawlessness exists has little or nothing to do with it. The last insurrection in Cuba lasted ten years. There have been at various times parts of Italy entirely in the hands of banditti, against whom the Government has been able to do nothing; but it never occurred to any one to recognize them as belligerents. Yet all banditti are in favor of freedom and foes of governmental interference.

Still another reason has been advanced for recognizing Cuban belligerency. Some one has unearthed a doctrine of international law that no government is responsible for not giving protection if it is physically impossible to do so, and the argument for the recognition of belligerency then proceeds as follows: Parts of the island are in insurrection, and the property of American citizens is at the mercy of the revolutionists; the Spanish commander cannot protect this property; therefore we must abandon any claim for indemnity against Spain, and look to Maceo and Gomez. Such is said to be the reasoning of the House committee on foreign affairs, who feel that it removes the last argument against the recognition of Cuban belligerency. We take the liberty of doubting that Spain has ever announced its intention not to protect foreign citizens. The trouble with the House committee is that it feeds too exclusively upon doctrines and principles of law—a windy diet—to the oversight of facts.

PIGEON-HOLED KNOWLEDGE.

Hazlitt told the story of West, the painter, that, when asked if he had ever been in Greece, he replied: "No, but I have read a descriptive catalogue of the principal objects in that country, and I believe I am as well conversant with them as if I had visited it." This suggests one of the most terrible intellectual temptations of our day, one which has a fatal power over many minds. We mean the temptation to make of one's head nothing but a ledger, in which all one's knowledge must be neatly and precisely classified and written up every night. It is peculiarly a besetting sin of critics, especially of literary critics, who must reduce all the literature of a given age, no matter how miscellaneous and refractory, to one "movement," group all the writers of any one period into a "school" or schools, and, in short, make literary criticism into a sort of old-fashioned desk, with little parcels of opinions, nicely labelled and docketed, stowed away in the pigeon-holes.

Classification is, of course, the beginning of wisdom in many branches of science, but it must be a classification into which the facts fall easily and magically, not one into which they have to be forced maimed and bleeding. In what is so essentially free and elastic a process as the intellectual development of a generation, or the evolution of a national literature throughout a century, the insistence upon exact and rigid classification easily runs into confusion and absurdity. Taine's 'English Literature' illustrates the madness that lies this way, and a recent address of Brunetière's on "The Renaissance of Idealism" seems to us another example of it. The schedules are too hard-and-fast, the labels too confidently stuck on, the accounts too accurately footed up, and the balance too miraculously correct. M. Brunetière compresses the whole field of intellectual activity into his formula, and makes science, music, art, literature, religion, and government alike bear testimony to the progress of the age away from materialism, naturalism, realism, or whatever you call it, into idealism—whatever you mean by *that*, and Brunetière expressly refused to be bound by a "too strict" definition.

Now, the human mind, not of the Dryasdust order, instinctively rebels at this. One might acknowledge the science, or the music, or the religion separately; but all of them at once, with art and literature thrown in, and each and all ticketed "Renaissance of Idealism"—this is too much. If it were all as clear and true as this, there would surely be no need of delivering an eloquent "conférence" about it, for everybody would be convinced of it on sight. It would be easy, moreover, to show more than one detail in which Brunetière is far from making out his case. Science, for example, he says, has become idealistic because "the promises which savants have publicly made in its name" have failed of fulfilment. But when you ask what savants, he admits that he does not mean the authorized exponents of science, the Darwins, the Pasteurs, the Helmholtzes, but the second or third-rate men, the very charlatans of science. The retort is obvious that if science has gone "bankrupt," in Brunetière's famous phrase, idealism has not likewise gone so only because all it promises to pay fall due in the new heavens and the new earth which it is yet to create. And when the lecturer finds his proof of the coming of political idealism in the spread of Socialism, one can only wonder how he would discriminate idealism from fanaticism or the most rabid doctrinairianism.

But it is not so much on details like these that we intended to dwell as on the perils of the mania for classifying which they exemplify. One cannot go through an age labelling and pigeon-holing knowledge in this way. Mark Pattison denied that it was possible to do so even in a past century; much less in one whose records are not yet made up. By falling back on our little lists and schedules we all the while increase the danger of taking our eyes off the stubborn facts to let them rest on our graceful classifications. Rousseau tells us how he felt this danger, and how he finally surmounted it by determining, instead of squeezing all he read into his own pet formulas, to open his mind freely, as "a magazine of ideas," and let the classification come later as best it might. In this way he certainly saved himself from the reproach that has been brought against Guizot, that he had all knowledge reduced to a beautiful *catalogue raisonné*, but was not a whit the wiser for it.

The way things are actually done—literature actually produced, for example—is often ludicrously unlike the theory of the way they are done. When a modern novelist falls to work, does he say to himself, "Now I am a realist, a symbolist, a *décadent*, an idealist, or what not, and must live up to my 'school,' so as not to baffle the critics"? Hardly. If he did, he would not get on much faster than Bismarck said he should if he did everything "on principle"—"principles" being, he affirmed, like a long pole held crosswise in your teeth when you wanted

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to run along a narrow path in the dense forest. Wordsworth, it is true, wrote some poems to illustrate his poetical theories, as Blair preached sermons built on the strictest principles of the rhetorical art; but the poems rivalled the sermons in wooden and deadly dulness. Dr. Johnson gave his idea of this kind of literary classification when asked if the sermons of Dr. Dodd were not "addressed to the passions." "Sir," he replied, "they are nothing, be they addressed to what they may." What novelists write for may roughly be set down as (1) money, (2) reputation, principally as a means to more money, (3) recognition and good will of contemporaries, (4) dim and dubious hope of posthumous fame. All the rest is vanity; the anxieties and embarrassments of pigeonhole critics over the question of what category to put them in, vanity of vanities.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF CARDUCCI'S PROFESSORSHIP.

BOLOGNA, February 9, 1896.

RARELY, if ever, since Petrarch's time has a living poet received such overwhelming tokens of love and reverence as Carducci has to day on this thirty-fifth anniversary of his first lecture as professor of *belle lettere* in the University of Bologna. The homage rendered by all Italy is to the noble genius of the poet who has never stooped to flatter princes or people, who has said to Italy, to her rulers, to her parties, the hardest, bluntest things that can well be imagined, and at the same time has kept the plebs informed that squalor and misery alone do not give them a title to the world's commiseration. The special homage of Bologna, however, is to the professor who has educated several generations in the worship of intellectual greatness and civic virtue. The idea originated with one of his present pupils, a Sicilian, Rodolico, who proposed to present an album with the names of all the students who have frequented Carducci's classes from 1861 till now, with the photographs of as many as were obtainable; and this family festival took place on February 2, the real "first day." Then the Syndic of the city, very proud of the fact that Carducci in the communal elections had polled more votes than any born Bolognese, bethought himself of a municipal commemoration. Carducci's colleagues could not be left out in the cold, nor his publishers, the brothers Zanichelli, be neglected. King Humbert, who, your readers will remember, came with the Queen and heir apparent to listen to his commemoration of the fifth centenary of the University of Bologna, sent him the medal as Commendatore of the Order of S. Maurizio e Lazzaro with a really hearty letter, praying "that the poet may be spared for many years to the studious youth who cherish him with love and gratitude." Both the King and Queen sent telegrams which were read by the Syndic dall' Olio with great gusto in the reading-room of the Arciginnasio, where some five hundred of the *élite* of Bologna were assembled, one row being reserved for the lady students who throng his lectures. The Syndic spoke from his heart:

"Even before the communal decree that conferred on you the rights of citizenship, we considered you as our own son; and if we have sought out the best possible way of conferring on you the greatest imaginable honors, it is because you have given us such proofs of love and devotion to our city by refusing the high position which other cities wished you to accept [in allusion to the Dante chair at Rome, which Carducci refused in order to remain faithful to Bologna], that the city opens its maternal arms to embrace the son beloved who has so loved and honored his mother. You came to us, when you were quite young, from gentle Tuscany, just when Bologna had thrown off the double yoke of priest and foreigner; and though you possessed the qualities that insure fame—lofty genius, profound and multiform knowledge, a thirst for all high and noble things—fame was not yet assured to you Your fame dates from Bologna, and, as it grew and expanded, the name of our city was ever associated with it. Nor did fame come suddenly as a gift from heaven; on the contrary you won it gradually, and never to any one was it given so grudgingly. The first songs of 'Enotrio Romano' were a challenge flung down to the academical softnesses in which Italian poetry delighted. The public and the critics, accustomed to linger in the pleasant paths of the garden of the Muses, were frightened at a poet who forcibly drew them up the steepest of mountain paths; and protested and blamed the audacious pioneer who led them away from beaten tracks, trusting that anathemas would silence the importunate voice. But the voice, which was the lofty, solemn voice of poetry, was not silenced; silence it could not keep, and it was from Bologna that 'Enotrio' no more, but Giosuè Carducci, continued his courageous work of innovation. Still the critics censured, but they were no longer listened to; the public, subdued, joyfully yielded to the resistless fascination; began by forgiving the poet his conquest, then from day to day loved him more passionately, and would have him not only loved but acclaimed in this city, which had been faithful to him in his struggles, and is now witness and sharer in his glory."

The Syndic next devoted his remarks to Giosuè as professor, showing the influence he has had in leading his disciples to real love, appreciation, and reverence for their great ancient writers, to the worship of classical tradition tempered by an acute sense of present modern life (this is the keynote to Carducci's originality), and in interpreting history, of which he is indeed a master. At this point he presented Carducci with a magnificent gold medal, with his portrait on one side and a Latin inscription on the other, ending with an invocation to Italy the beloved—Italy as she was, not as she is to-day. Then Prof. Bertolino, in the name of the University and the Minister of Public Instruction, gave him the welcome of the *Alma Mater studiorum*—the frank, hearty salutations of his colleagues,

"who, thanks to you, with joyful hearts, see again one of the days of the Renaissance, when the religion of genius and of science had the divine virtue of disarming enemies, of burying hatreds which in the past had made them foes. Such a day as this was seen in Rome in 1341, when the Roman people, forgetting civic battles, crowded round Francis Petrarch, bringing him crowns of flowers, and the Orsinis and the Colonnas imposed on their animosities the truce of God in order together to garland the brow of the grand poet whom you hailed as the poet of the Renaissance. . . . But whereas the old Renaissance could not prevent liberty from being exiled, while the literature inspired by it inflicted cruel wounds on the principle of morality, the Renaissance to which you lead our country has its foundations in reason and in liberty, and draws its prime inspiration from a moral principle."

After Bertolino came the illustrious Latinist, the genial, *simpatico* Gandino, who, after a brief, bright speech, recited an elogium in musical Latin. "You see," he said to the public, "that besides our reverence, appreciation, gratitude, we all so love this Giosuè Carducci. Perhaps the aureole that surrounds his brow dazes some, but to his colleagues he appears in all the brightness of a sunny day:

"'Scindit se nubes, ... claraque in luce refulget.'"

Gandino continued truly:

"Your method of teaching proves the truth of the saying of the Greek poet, that the Muses possess the science of things universal, so that if to each one is assigned a special part—here poetry, there history, there again other arts—all form Apollo's chorus, all are united in close bonds of sisterhood. So in your school the severe examination of the philosopher is admirably united with the divine spirit of the poet, the diligent research of the historian, the rapid intuition of the artist."

So hearty were Gandino's encomiums that poor Carducci, who before the ceremony had said to us, "Of course I feel much honored, but it's a fearful ordeal to go through," never once lifted his eyes. When it was ended, they kissed and hugged each other just like two schoolboys.

Very short and simple was the speech of Cosimo Filippi, Syndic of Pietrasanta, the poet's birthplace. "Pietrasanta, which had the good fortune to give thee birth, sends this [a splendid parchment] as a token of gratitude to the son who has illuminated the obscurity of our village." After this, Count Pier Desiderio Pasolini, who is ever certain to be seen when Carducci can be honored, sprang up from some corner and gave him a spray of laurel.

"Child of ancient Ravenna," he said reverently, "I bring to thee, Giosuè Carducci, this branch of laurel which grew close to the tomb of Dante Alighieri, thy teacher, thy father. Without him thy fame would not be so great, and perhaps we should not be here to manifest such loving and cordial reverence to thee. This laurel branch is all that now can come from him to thee; receive it with affection and keep it with reverence."

And I noticed that when we went home with his wife and daughter, who were intensely moved, Carducci's first care, on going into his study, was, not to look at his medals or presents, but to place the laurel sprig in the tunic of Dante's bust which stands in the centre of his bookshelves—the sad Mazzini looking down life-size from above.

Carducci's thanks commenced in a voice so low and broken that we asked, "Will even he break down?" But after a few minutes the clarion tones rang out, and every word could be heard all over the hall.

"I thank you reverently. Your benevolence has made of me something that exists in your idea, not in my reality. But whatever I am (and indeed I wish I were like your portrait), every bit of me belongs to this city and to this University. To your city I came with Italy and with unity; I came as a youth, poor, obscure, and with trepidation. The city received me with encouragement; the University, in the shadow of its glory, aided and protected me. In the University I found first fathers, then brothers, who taught me by example and both facilitated and bettered my teaching. In the city I found wise and warm friends, who now spurred me on, now restrained me, and I found what your grand escutcheon promises—*Libertas!* Yes, the liberty of solitude and of study; liberty in the flight and aim of my thoughts, liberty of ideas, independence upon all narrow little pinching, sharp-angled circumstances which fetter the healthy progress of a writer. Yes, and here let me say to the Syndic of Pietrasanta, on the beautiful coast which runs 'twixt sea and mountain, which gave me birth and noble traditions, and whence, alas, I was taken all too young, and whose memory I revere and love—here in Bologna I found a second country. Here, although I hold that we can serve our country in all times and places by wholly giving ourselves to her and claiming nothing in return for this privilege of giving—nevertheless here service was made easy for me, here the heartiness of the citizens helped me, the glories of Aldrovandus, of Zanotti, of Galvani inspired me. At this moment I recall the past and forefeel the future. I remember, and these honors showered on me almost excite remorse; I want to ask the pardon of those holy shades

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—those great masters of our fatherland—who passed away unknown, neglected, who grew old in sad poverty, or were extinguished in the desolation of exile. I remember the divine wisdom of Vico, the human omniscience of Romagnosi, the poetic radiance of Ugo Foscolo. Those were times of Italian servitude. Now, oh youths! see what prizes country and liberty are offering to those who strive after intellectual good. This shows that Italian renovation, even in ideal and moral arts, is maturing. Prepare the way for the Lord who cometh; for the genius of Italy, great, free, just, good, useful to humanity; for the genius of whose wings I hear the fluttering. In that time, which we hope is near, the holy, pure age of the Italy of the future, the glory of Bologna will grow ever brighter, the glory of this mother of study, this loving inspirer of the studious. Let her gather the flowers and the fruits of the happy time, and, in the words of the poet,

"'E trovi uom degno poi che si l'onora.'"

When he had finished, Carducci was swept away by the tumult of loving welcomes that surrounded him. Then we crowded to look at the gifts. His publishers presented him with an exquisite illuminated edition of Petrarch's sonnets of the fourteenth century. The missives of the municipality of Bologna and Pietrasanta are real works of art. The portrait of the poet on the gold medal is like him, but still more resembles the Roman emperors.

If I were to narrate the tales told by his students (many now professors), I should never end. One Pascoli interested me most. He was wretchedly poor, as his father had been murdered and his eldest brother had to bring up a family of nine. He thought this one had genius, so sent him with a few francs to Bologna to compete for the six scholarships the generous city accords. When the lad heard he was to be examined by Carducci, all his courage waned, as Father Donati, who kept the poet's picture in his cell, had told him he was "the greatest and noblest and highest being on earth." He fumbled and stumbled in his answers, and in his written theme felt he had not done his best; but the poet saw what was in him, and, with the consent of the faculty, his name came out first of the six. "Carducci smiled," he said; "just an instant his smile rested on me, and I would not change that memory for any other in this world."

J. W. M.

Correspondence.

THE GOOD NAME OF GUATEMALA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been called to an article which, under the heading "A Specimen Spanish-American Republic," appeared on the editorial page of your valued paper of the 20th inst., which article contains statements derogatory and false with respect to the government and country which I have the honor to represent at this port.

In view of the statements therein made, it becomes my duty to inform you and cause to be known that the assertions of the author of the book 'Il Guatamala,' who, it is said, is named "Tommaso Caivano," are, in their entirety, inaccurate and advanced solely to gratify selfish motives. On June 20, 1895, Mr. Caivano presented himself at the office of this Consulate-General soliciting financial aid that he publish a book in favor of Guatemala and its Government, and on such financial aid being denied him he took offence, became very excited, and stated that he would publish the book, not, however, in favor of my country, but decidedly against it. Consequently, the publication compiled by Mr. Caivano is the result of actual spite and for revenge in not having obtained the money he solicited.

I appeal, therefore, Mr. Editor, to your impartiality that you give equal prominence to the publication of this letter in the columns of your valued paper, so that the sensible public may judge as to the merit which can attach to the book published by Mr. Caivano.

Believe me, sir, with the highest consideration, very respectfully yours,

Dr. Joaquin Yela, Jr.,
Acting Consul-General.

New York, February 21, 1896.

[We have received also the following communication from a gentleman who knew Guatemala well under the elder Barrios. We ought to add that such personal knowledge as we had of Sig. Caivano was wholly favorable to his character and credibility; and that the Italian edition of his work, on which we commented, was already printed (but not published), and was read by us, before Sig. Caivano's arrival in this country in June last.—Ed. Nation.]

"Barrios was bad enough in fact, without resorting to fiction and misrepresentation. Some persons were put in the Penitenciario and thrashed to death—perhaps a dozen all told; not more. Barrundia (who was afterwards shot on board an American vessel) was really the author, as he was the perpetrator, of these outrages. Two friends of mine were among the victims.

"It is altogether a myth about Barrios wanting to wipe out what Sig. Caivano calls the creoles. There is no such *class*. There are a few old families who pride themselves on their blue blood, all reactionaries of a Bourbon stripe; but they do not meddle with politics, and I don't believe one of them was shot by Barrios.

"The story of his exposing the wives and daughters of his enemies stark naked in cages is an astounding legend, founded on the *report* that Barrios ordered two ladies of some of the old families, suspected of making clothing for the rebels during the first revolution in his time, to be put in a large net which is much in use in that part of the country, and swung to the ceiling of his room until they told all they knew; but they were fully dressed, as *no* man in Guatemala, of any kind, would expose a woman stark naked. This reputed action of Barrios's was never authenticated, and although I knew one of the ladies, she would never admit its truth.

"This author is equally given to exaggeration in saying that Barrios had men shot for his amusement. For a very long time no President in that country had so few of his enemies shot at all. He did, however, finally resort to this method of punishment, but I think an impartial investigation would show that as few persons were shot in his time as in that of any other ruler there, except Cerna perhaps. His successor, Barillas, did quite as many brutal things, and had three very dear old friends of mine shot under very brutal circumstances. Summary shooting has been the most convenient way of quelling revolutionary movements ever since Spanish America was freed from Spanish rule, and the rebels themselves are usually more sanguinary than the Government, as is actually the case in Cuba.

"As to Reyna Barrios, he is since my time. He lived in New York many years, and is married to an American lady. My friends report him a good man of business, a good President, and a man of moderate ideas.

"But the name Republic applied to any of these countries is a gross libel on the word. It is a one-man power, and the one man is always more or less brutal, and always surrounds himself with people fit for the particular work he wants done. They do not all get rich. Carrera, after being President for nearly twenty years, died (on the same day President Lincoln was shot) a comparatively poor man. His successor, Cerna, after being President for six years, retired absolutely poor, and his ministers were poorer than himself. Barrios stole and blackmailed right and left, and in thirteen years saved about as many million dollars. Barillas did the same kind of thing and is now wealthy. The first two and their ministers belonged to and represented the Conservative or Church party; the latter two called themselves *Liberals*."

WHERE WAR SHOULD ELEVATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not enough pains have been taken by the advocates of war as a means of ennobling the character to set forth its advantages as they deserve. The case can be put in a stronger and more convincing light than it has been. Possibly something is held in reserve, but so far the argument has not been illustrated as it should be; it has not been adequately and variously presented.

I am inclined to believe that the theory is capable of application in many agricultural communities, and of undisputed application in all thinly settled districts. There are usually fair opportunities for moral and intellectual culture in the cities and large towns of the East—it is astonishing that anybody there should want to fight; but in some of the Western States the situation is quite different, and this is especially true of the semi-arid regions of Kansas, Nebraska, and other States where the widely scattered stockmen and farmers make slow progress, whether material or ethical. The fine virtues need more encouragement than they receive. There are no great libraries, no handsome opera-houses, no collections of sacred art, no beautiful church architecture. All these things are lacking. But could not such deprivations be made tolerable—hardly missed, indeed, as agencies of moral inspiration—if the inhabitants had sufficient discernment to fight occasionally among themselves? Why don't the men go to war? How quickly the sense of justice and honor, the feeling of gentleness and pity, would revive. No matter if they have no grievance against each other. The purpose is something nobler than the redress of wrongs; it is the elevation of the character.

Such compensations as war offers for the lack of other advantages, or as an addition to them, have not been duly considered. They are within easy reach of many whose hard lot we are sometimes weakly disposed to commiserate.

H. D.

Lawrence, Kan., February 17, 1896.

THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is, of course, no doubt that the church at Northumberland, Pa., was organized by Dr. Priestley before that in Philadelphia. But your correspondent, "H. D. C.," assumes the point at issue, namely, whether it took the Unitarian name. As that fact does not appear on the mural tablet referred to, and as the church records do not exist to show it, it is by no means certain that the name, then so odious, was adopted by the Society.

When the Philadelphia church was founded, there was correspondence over this very point between its members and some of the Eastern churches which had become Unitarian in fact—or, at least, with the most notable of these, King's Chapel in Boston; and the rector of the latter strongly advised the Philadelphians

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against taking the Unitarian name. I give this on the authority of Dr. Furness, who took much pride in the fact that the advice was not heeded, and that the founders of his church planted themselves openly upon the unpopular position. He always claimed that the Philadelphia church was thus the first "*organized as Unitarian*" in the country.

I have heard a statement that a company of persons in New York, at an earlier date, called their society Unitarian, but I have not been able to verify it. If it is true, the movement probably came to nothing.

It may be interesting to some of your readers to know that, at the approaching centennial celebration of the Philadelphia church, a bust of Priestley will be placed upon the noble monument erected to him there, some years ago, by the Unitarians of America. J. M.

PHILADELPHIA, February 21, 1896.

"CARRY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent English review of an American work, the critic asked: "What can be the meaning of a 'carry,' which is certainly not found in any accepted author?" That an Englishman should be unfamiliar with a word which is found only in books (whether by British or by American writers) dealing with explorations or with outdoor life in America, is not surprising; but it is of course well known among us that, in navigating rivers and streams in America, obstructions are often encountered which render it necessary to take the canoe or bateau out of the water and "carry" round the obstruction, or to another stream or lake near by. Several terms have been employed to designate the place thus carried over, but chiefly these three: *Carry*, *carrying-place*, and *portage*. Of these, the second has been in use since early in the eighteenth century, the third for certainly a century and a half, while *carry* seems to have originated in Maine about sixty years ago. Attention was first called to the term by Lowell in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1859; but the only examples which seem to have been yet adduced are from *All the Year Round* (1860) and T. W. Higginson (1884) in the 'Oxford Dictionary'; from J. C. Abbott (1860), in De Vere's 'Americanisms'; and from T. G. Appleton (1878) in the 'Standard Dictionary.' Those which follow are of an earlier date:

"Having determined to visit Moosehead Lake, before proceeding to the St. John waters, I continued up the west branch to the lower carry into that lake. . . . The upper carry is about eight miles above the lower, and between them are rapids and falls:" 1838, J. T. Hodge, in C. T. Jackson's *Second Report on the Geology of the Public Lands of Massachusetts and Maine*, 53, 54.

"This portage probably followed the trail of an ancient Indian carry round these falls." 1848, H. D. Thoreau, *Maine Woods* (1894), 39.

"The end of the Carry was reached at last . . . The birch, it seems, was strained at the Carry." 1853, J. R. Lowell, *A Moosehead Journal*, *Prose Works* (1890), i., 30, 35.

"The fourth morning you will make the carry of two miles to Mud Pond (Allegash Water)—and a very wet carry it is—and reach Chamberlain Lake by noon, and Heron Lake, perhaps, that night, after a couple of short carries at the outlet of Chamberlain." 1858, H. D. Thoreau, in *Familiar Letters* (1894), 382.

Since 1860 the term has been in frequent use, but, so far as the writer is aware, it is confined to New England and the Adirondack region.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

BOSTON, February 20, 1896.

"HIRED GIRLS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent "F. H." inquires, "Was it the custom, prior to the War of Independence, to speak of *hired women*, *hired boys*, and *hired maids* or *girls*, as well as of *hired men*?" What may have been the custom so long ago I cannot say, but in eastern Vermont and the contiguous part of New Hampshire, so long as I lived there, up to 1869, it was practically the universal usage to speak of young women engaged in domestic service as "hired girls." We read about servants in books, but never saw them.

In most cases the hired girl was the daughter of a farmer of small means. She often took her meals with the family, and mingled with them on terms of equality. The species is now pretty much extinct. I do not suppose the custom was by any means confined to that region. It is my impression that it prevailed in a place in eastern New York where I once spent a winter; but my memory is not definite on that point. W. L. WORCESTER.

ASYLUM STATION, MASS., February 24, 1896.

Notes.

D. APPLETON & CO.'S immediate announcements include 'A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom,' by Andrew D. White; 'Teaching the Language Arts,' by B. A. Hinsdale; 'Greenland Icefields, and Life in the North Atlantic,' by Prof. G. Frederick Wright and Warren Upham; 'Voice-Building and Tone-Placing,' by H. Holbrook Curtis, M.D.; and 'The Reds of the Midi,' by Félix Gras.

A series of handbooks in classical archæology and antiquities, beginning with 'Greek Sculpture,' by Ernest A. Gardner; an annotated edition of Hood's Poems by Canon Ainger; 'Browning and the Christian Faith,' by Dr. Edward Berdoe; 'The Coming Individualism,' by A. Egmont Hake; and 'The Pilgrim, and Other Poems,' by "Ellen Burroughs" (Miss Sophie Jewett), are further spring announcements by Macmillan & Co.

Frederick Warne & Co. have nearly ready 'The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain,' by S. H. Jeyes, editor of the "Public Men of To-day" series, and 'Sport in Ashanti; or, Melinda the Caboceer,' a tale of the Gold Coast, by J. A. Skertchly.

'Studies in Historical Method,' by Mary Sheldon Barnes, of Leland Stanford Junior University, is in the press of D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Way & Williams will issue 'The Lamp of Gold,' a sequence of forty-nine sonnets in seven parts, by Miss Florence L. Snow, president of the Kansas Academy of Language and Literature; a reprint, worked over, of William Sharp's *Portfolio* monograph, 'Fair Women'; and a new Irish novel, 'The Wood of the Brambles,' by Frank Mathew, grand-nephew of Father Mathew, the "Apostle of Temperance."

'The Story of Turkey and Armenia' is to be published, with illustrations, by the H. Woodward Co. of Baltimore.

Benziger Bros., No. 36 Barclay Street, are the American agents for the costly folio 'Vie de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ,' consisting of 365 compositions (aquarelles) by J. J. Tissot, based on the four evangels (Tours: Alfred Mame & Fils). The artist's work represents the labor of ten years. Each of the first twenty copies, on Japan paper, is priced at $1,000; $300 will secure a copy on vellum paper.

Roberts Bros., Boston, have republished 'Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign,' by General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C. This little book is a contribution to the argument in favor of the use of cavalry even in the changed conditions of modern warfare brought about by improvements in infantry arms. The cavalry for which he argues is the true horseman, armed with sword or lance, manœuvred in an open country, and depending upon the weight of the shock, charging home against footmen. Besides its technical interest, the book is a lively sketch of the Waterloo campaign, and of the previous career of the noted cavalry leaders of the different nations who met on the famous field.

A novel work has just made its appearance in Germany under the title of 'Fürstliche Schriftsteller des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts,' by Georg Zimmermann. Selections from the writings of thirty-six royal personages, with a biography of each, are presented. The book is richly illustrated and handsomely bound. Emperor William's 'Sang an Aegir' is the first selection, and after his name come the others in alphabetical order. Among those who have won especial renown in letters may be mentioned Prince George of Prussia, Princess Therese of Bavaria, and Duke Elimar of Oldenburg; Alexander III. of Russia, too, has made a very promising beginning.

'Die Geschichte des Erstlingswerkes' (Berlin: Concordia Verlag) is a series of autobiographical essays describing the circumstances attending the production of the first really important work of several of the leading contemporary writers of Germany. These essays have been coming out from time to time in *Deutsche Dichtung*, and now appear in book form, edited and supplied with an introduction by Karl Emil Franzos, editor of that periodical. The authors here represented are Baumbach, Dahn, Ebers, Ebner-Eschenbach, Eckstein, Fontane, Franzos, Fulda, Heyse, Hopfen, Jensen, Lingg, Meyer, Schubin, Spielhagen, Sudermann, Voss, Wichert, and Wolff. Each essay is accompanied by a portrait of the author as he appeared about the time of his first important production; in the case of Lingg, Meyer, Jensen, and Franzos, however, one of a later period had to be used, as an early one was not to be had. Similar essays are still being continued in *Deutsche Dichtung*, and they will probably furnish material for a future volume.

Moulin-Eckart's 'Bayern unter dem Ministerium Montgelas,' recently published in Munich, is an excellent historical work, though hardly of world-wide interest, and we mention it merely on account of the author's statement that he was obliged to make his researches in Berlin and Paris, because in the Bavarian State Archives no one is permitted to examine any political document of the nineteenth century. As Montgelas died in 1838, the sources of information concerning the most important part of his life were rendered inaccessible by this illiberal bureaucratic regulation. It is just such a measure, however, as might have originated with the narrow-minded and reactionary Montgelas himself.

During the last five months of 1895 some sixty persons were condemned to imprisonment in Germany for leze-majesty, without counting those who were tried for the same offence and acquitted. Nearly every speech of the Emperor is followed by a large increase of criminal suits instituted for the protection of his royal and imperial dignity. Thus, his de-

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nunciation of the Socialists as a "rabble unworthy to be called Germans," on account of their attitude towards the Sedan festivities, led to numerous prosecutions in November, twenty-six of which resulted in the condemnation of the accused. The courts wrest the letter of the law to secure conviction, as, for example, when the judge admitted that in Liebknecht's criticism of certain views there was no direct allusion to the utterances of the Emperor, but added that some persons in the audience might have interpreted his words as referring to his Imperial Majesty, and therefore found him guilty and sentenced him to imprisonment. Dr. Förster, a man of excellent character, and editor of a journal devoted to ethical culture, was also condemned to incarceration in a fortress for asserting that the Socialists are not all a wretched rabble, but that there are many good and patriotic men among them, who act with the Socialists as a protest against the tyranny of the police in suppressing free discussion. The insult to William II. consisted in daring to doubt his infallibility. Prof. Delbrück expressed in the October number of the *Preussiche Jahrbücher* the same opinion, but, as he is a man of high position and considerable influence, the Government deemed it best to withdraw the indictment preferred against him.

No. 3 of the second series of "Rhode Island Historical Tracts" (Providence: Sidney S. Rider) has for its theme 'A Century of Lotteries in Rhode Island, 1744–1844,' and for author John H. Stiness. It is one of the most curious and valuable of the series, being a chapter in the evolution of morals; and, as all classes, professions, learned and religious and philanthropic institutions (along with many purely secular enterprises) were implicated as beneficiaries or chance-takers in the lottery till it was made unlawful and therefore suddenly became "wrong" or "sinful," the story well repays reading. It is illustrated by a great number of facsimiles of lottery tickets; and the names and autograph signatures of owners and officers among the first families in Rhode Island give this part of the tract a high genealogical interest.

Mr. A. P. C. Griffin's 'Bibliography of the Historical Publications issued by the New England States' is satisfactorily minute as far as it goes, but is too limited in its scope. The title to the contrary, the republished "records" of each State only are included; even the original issues of the various "journals" or "votes" are passed over as if they did not exist. A list such as the title led us to expect is a distinct need. The careful table of contents of each work described is the valuable part of the present work. We do not see why Slade's 'Vermont State Papers' and the 'Connecticut Military Record' were not included, for they certainly fall within the narrow class included in the bibliography.

The eighth report of Mr. Robert T. Swan, Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Records, recurs to the still discreditable condition of these records in the State at large, and proposes the establishment of a public-record office, after the pattern of the English, to which all the records to a fixed date shall be sent. On the subject of the neglected Proprietors' records, he speaks of the confusion caused by the names of plantations (which were not continued as the town name) having been adopted for other towns, and prints a useful list of changes from the original designation, in two alphabets. He also suggests anew an act to provide for the custody of church records after a society has ceased to hold religious meetings, which was reported by the judiciary committee in 1894, but defeated, and urges the passage of a bill regulating the returning and recording of births, marriages, and deaths now before the General Court. Mr. Swan states incidentally that still-born children are recorded either as births, deaths, or both, "as the clerk considers most sensible."

The laborious task of reducing to order the chaos of stored public documents at Washington; of checking wasteful publications; of supplying the designated depositories; of completing collections by exchange; of filling cash orders; of cataloguing current documents and of working backward in this department—is going on under the new law creating a Superintendent of Documents with headquarters at the Government Printing-Office. The progress made is evidenced by three pamphlets: the Superintendent's first annual report; the report of Mr. John G. Ames, clerk in charge of documents, Interior Department, regarding the receipt, distribution, and sale of public documents by that department on the Government's behalf; and the second edition of Mr. Ames's 'Check-list,' enumerating the volumes which constitute the set of Congressional documents from the Fifteenth to the Fifty-third Congresses, inclusive. Mr. Ames has had the happy thought to number these documents consecutively, thus greatly abbreviating the trouble of describing when ordering. Mr. F. A. Crandall, the Superintendent of Documents, has added some valuable features, as, lists of explorations and surveys, of Government catalogues and indexes, of the parts and plates of the Rebellion-Record Atlas, etc.

On February 10th the past and present editors of the *Harvard Lampoon* celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the founding of that comic journal. The event seems worthy of record, not only because the *Lampoon* was the earliest and has steadily been the best of illustrated student publications, but also because it is older than any other surviving periodical of the kind in America. It preceded *Puck;* and *Life* was, in a way, its offshoot. Of the originators and early editors of the *Lampoon*, J. T. Wheelwright, Robert Grant, F. J. Stimson, and E. S. Martin have long been well known among the younger school of American wits; and a survey of the entire list of editors would show the names of other men who have already won distinction in letters or in art.

In the February number of the *Geographical Journal* the Rev. W. Weston describes the Japanese Alps, a most attractive region on the west coast of the main island, very rarely visited by travellers. It is now one of the few places in the empire almost uninfluenced by modern ideas, and the account of the mountaineers' customs and superstitious rites, now fast dying out, is therefore peculiarly interesting. Mr. H. S. Cowper gives some notes on a journey in the hill country of Tripoli, remarkable for the numerous Phœnician and Roman ruins which it contains. Both of these papers have route-maps and illustrations. The conclusion of Captain Vaughan's account of his travels in Persia contains a description of the Daria-i-Nimak, "a solid sheet of rock salt of varying, but in places doubtless immense, thickness. Its area we estimated at 440 square miles, and its elevation was 2,700 feet."

The difference between English and American ways of looking at the same subject is strikingly shown in two articles in the Boston *Youth's Companion* on "The Bar as a Profession." The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, describes in a singularly clear and attractive manner the qualities, love of the profession, industrious patience, common sense, and high aims, which are essential, not for the winning of great wealth, of which "the bar does not hold out promise," but of honorable success. To this he regards "university culture as almost indispensable," closing a very stimulating paper with a noble appeal to the young lawyer to remember "that he is engaged in a profession which may well engage the noblest faculties of heart and of mind," and that there are higher interests than those of his client to be fought for, "the interests of truth and of honor." The main point of the article by Judge O. W. Holmes, of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, is to show that for a "fighting success" a university education is not essential—there is almost a hint that it may be an impediment; but that if a young man can afford "two or even three" years in a law school he "will not regret a month of it when he comes to practice." There can be no doubt of the truth of this assertion in view of the following significant figures: Of the 287 lawyers in Congress not one-half have been through college—129 only are college graduates; 50 have spent some time at a college or a professional school; 108 have received only a common-school education.

—It becomes evident that the question of the hour at both Oxford and Cambridge is the admission of women to degrees. At Oxford a memorial in favor of the movement is backed by the Vice Chancellor, the president of Magdalen College, and one of the two proctors, and has been largely signed by resident graduates. Among the signers are the masters of Balliol and University Colleges; the principals of Jesus and Brasenose Colleges and of St. Mary's Hall; the censor of non collegiate students; Bodley's Librarian; the keepers of the Ashmolean and University Museums; the Radcliffe Librarian and Observer; and Profs. Dicey, Legge, Max Müller, Pollock, York Powell, Burden-Sanderson, Poulton, Wallace, Green, and Elliott. At Cambridge a similar memorial has received the signatures of no less than 2,200 members of the Senate, including seventy professors, readers, and university lecturers and more than one hundred M.A.'s in residence. The Cambridge promoters have also circulated the memorial among "persons of distinction" outside the university, and some of those who have signed are the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland; the Bishops of Manchester, Sodor and Man, Gloucester and Bristol, Barrow in Furness, and Argyll; Sir Walter Besant, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir Robert Ball; Mr. Justice Kennedy and Mr. Justice Barnes. The opponents of the measure have so far done nothing except to protest against the wording of the memorial, which, they say, assumes that the admission of women is a foregone conclusion. But it has been pointed out that the wording is really happy, because, taken together with the number and the character of the signers, it will give the council a better idea of the state of public opinion than they could otherwise have obtained. Graduates of Cambridge in the opposition are reminded that, during the fifteen years since women were first admitted by that university to its honor examinations, 659 women have been classed in the honor lists, securing distinction in such varied lines of study as mathematics, classics, natural and moral sciences, theology, law, history, and Oriental, mediæval, and modern languages.

—Until a few years ago, Murray's 'Handbook for Travellers in Japan' (New York: Scrib-

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ners) as written by Satow and Hawes, not only was by far the best work of its kind, but was tolerably up to date. The gradual growth of the railway system, by changing the routes of travel, made it, however, antiquated. The publishers, in this emergency, were so wise—and lucky—as to secure the services of Prof. Chamberlain and Mr. W. B. Mason for the task of revising it. The new edition, combining the labors of four experts, was a model book, for which there was such a brisk demand that the editors felt impelled to go over the ground once more and complete what was left undone before. As a result the fourth edition (1896) is a work which must make any one who visited Japan a few years ago sigh that he could not have had such a guide in hand when he was there. The new edition has about seventy pages more than the third, with fifteen new routes, in which the whole empire is, for the first time, included. The modest preface does not call special attention to all the improvements, but they are apparent at a glance. This is especially true of the maps and plans, some of which are printed on the thin Japanese paper which ought to be used for all guide-books, to reduce bulk. The general map of the empire shows that the main railway is now completed north to Aomori, thus making Yezo more accessible than heretofore. Among the new plans is one of the tombs and temples of Nikko, another of the Matsushima islands, while a third, specially valuable one gives a bird's-eye view of Tokyo, colored, showing the canals, bridges, parks, public buildings, hotels, etc.—a map which every tourist will specially welcome in this vast and most confusing city. Altogether there are nine new maps and plans. The guide is printed in Japan, and its English origin is emphasized by a new introductory chapter beginning with the words that "the shortest and most enjoyable way from Europe to Japan is by the Canadian Pacific Railway Line," of which a seven-page itinerary is added.

—'The Mediterranean Trip,' by Noah Brooks (Scribners), is, as it professes to be, a "short guide to the principal points on the shores of the western Mediterranean and the Levant." It is obviously intended for tourists on the excursion steamers from New York, and for such other travellers as mean to visit several places without remaining long in any, and are too lazy to spend more than fifteen minutes in reading up about each. As books of its sort go, it is fairly satisfactory, for it has much simple information succinctly put. This information is usually correct, but on page 126 we find the following sentences: "During the Crusades, the power of the Byzantine empire having greatly decayed, the throne was occupied by a Frank, and the region was overrun by Genoese, Venetians, and Flemings. After a half-century of great turbulence, the Seljukian Turks, who had gradually developed their power in Asia Minor, captured the city in May, 1453, when Constantine XI., the last of the emperors of the East, perished in the final fight, and Mohammed II. (the great conqueror) established in Constantinople the seat of Osmanli power. Most of the important works of modern Constantinople date from the era of the conqueror and his immediate successors—Mustapha II., Bayezid II., Soliman the Magnificent, and Achmet I." It is hardly worth pointing out that "the throne was occupied by a Frank" (after the storming of the city by the French and Venetians) in 1204, and that the Greeks recovered Constantinople in 1261, which is rather more than half a century before 1453, when it was captured by Mohammed II., Sultan of the Ottoman (not the Seljukian) Turks. Mustapha II. was not the immediate successor of Mohammed II, but reigned from 1695-1703. We may remark, too, that Jerusalem was taken by the Crusaders in 1099, which is hardly the *middle* of the eleventh century (p. 110), that the remark about the battle of Platæa would seem to suggest that Aristides commanded the Persians there (p. 142), and that the statements, "The kingdom of Naples was separated from Sicily by Charles of Anjou, in 1272, and the city became the capital. The kingdom was ruled by the Spanish Bourbons, with occasional stormy intervals, until the unification of Italy took place, in very recent years" (p. 186), are, to say the least, misleading.

—The recent request made by Harvard University to the municipality of Ravenna for permission to make a photographic reproduction of the famous manuscript of Aristophanes, recalls a little history which was published by Mr. W. G. Clark more than twenty years ago. It is not quite so romantic as the story of the Sinaiticus, but it affords a curious illustration of vagabond fortunes and of the slender chances by which such treasures are preserved for us. The handwriting of the Ravenna MS. resembles the minuscule of the Florentine Æschylus and Demosthenes. Bekker dates it as of the eleventh century; but other excellent experts refer it to the tenth. It is quite likely that it was a copy made for some rich monastery under the patronage of the later Basilian dynasty of Constantinople, at a time when classical learning was fashionable, and when the monasteries were, as Finlay says, rather like clubs for the accommodation of younger sons of noble families than the lodging-place of ascetics. Such a club of luxurious bachelors might naturally interest itself in the comedies of Aristophanes. The municipality of Ravenna received the manuscript from the monastery of Classe, within the walls, when the monastery was dissolved by the French and the edifice and library were made over to the city. The library was founded, probably before 1600, by Cardinal Giulio della Rovere, Archbishop of Ravenna. The manuscript of Aristophanes may have been acquired by a certain Padre Canneti, who flourished in the beginning of the last century, and is said in the annals of the Camaldolite order to have enriched the library "selectis et copiosissimis codicibus." The exact date and manner in which this manuscript was added there is no record to show; but there is a tradition handed down by the librarians that it was bought for a very small sum at a book-stall in Rome.

—How came so precious a manuscript to be such a vagrant? There is practically no doubt that a little later than the year 1500 it was in the library of the Duke of Urbino, Guidobaldo I. It was not made use of by Aldus in his *editio princeps*, printed in 1498. That edition does not contain the "Lysistrata" or the "Thesmophoriazusæ," both of which are given in the Ravenna MS.; nor does it appear that Aldus had ever heard of the latter comedy. But in 1515 Bernard Junta published at Florence the second edition, which contains only the nine Aldine plays, and in the preface to it he promised the other two. This promise he fulfilled next year in an edition of the "Lysistrata" and the "Thesmophoriazusæ," which appeared January 28, 1516. In the preface he mentions that he has availed himself of a manuscript from the library of Urbino, "antiquissimum Aristophanis exemplar." That this MS. was identical with the Ravenna can hardly be doubted from Mr. Clark's report, who, in carefully examining the Ravenna, observed faint pencil marks drawn across the text and corresponding with the pagination of the Juntine edition. These were evidently for the convenience of the printer. The manuscript, once borrowed, was probably never restored to the library of the Duke, but wandered off to be recaptured later for the monastery of Classe. The reason of such oversight is easily discovered. On the 30th of May the troops of Pope Leo invaded the Duchy; on August 18 Lorenzo, the Pope's nephew, was made Duke in place of the deposed Francesco Maria. In the midst of these changes and troubles the MS. was probably neither reclaimed nor returned. At any rate it was not one of the 165 Greek MSS. which were in the library of Urbino when it was transferred to the Vatican by Alexander VII. in 1658.

—'The Journal of a Spy in Paris during the Reign of Terror, January-July, 1794,' by Raoul Hesdin (Harpers), presents internal evidence of its authenticity, but the editor has omitted to state in his preface how he came into possession of the manuscript, or where the manuscript is preserved. It is possible for an expert in the history of the French Revolution to make out a case for the non-authenticity of the Journal on the strength of a few passages here and there, and the editor could blame no critic for doing this, since he has deliberately withheld his own name and all information about the manuscript. It would take, however, too much space here to balance the pros and cons. If the Journal proves to be a *supercherie littéraire*, it has certainly been made up with considerable skill, and the author deserves to be complimented for his ingenuity. Apart from its suspected origin, it contains no information of importance for students of the French Revolution. No new light is thrown upon the characters of the members of the great Committee of Public Safety or upon the methods employed in the government of France during the Terror. The condition of things in Paris, however, is reflected with considerable fidelity, and the scarcity of food in particular is well illustrated. The editor's notes show a competent knowledge of recent books on the French Revolution, but he is rather hard on Brissot, whom he terms a prig, in a note on page 29, and there is no excuse for his bringing into the same note an allusion to the late Prof. Freeman's famous "Perish India" remark, which has nothing whatever to do with the subject, and which Freeman to the last day of his life always avowed had been misinterpreted.

—Perhaps the most curious manifestation of the current Napoleon craze is the publication of 'A Metrical History of the Life and Times of Napoleon Bonaparte,' by William J. Hillis (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The compiler is an enthusiastic but badly informed admirer of Napoleon and all his works, and his admiration has led him to collect as much verse as possible, good, bad, and indifferent, relating to events in the life and career of his chosen hero. A perusal of the balderdash which Mr. Hillis has collected together is sufficient proof that the most dramatic subjects do not necessarily produce dramatic poetry. There are, of course, in this collection a few famous poems, such as "The Burial of Sir John Moore," Campbell's "Battle of Hohenlinden," Byron's

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stanzas on Waterloo from "Childe Harold," mixed with translations from Béranger, Victor Hugo, Körner, and Arndt; but the vast majority of the so-called poems were not worth drawing from obscurity, and it is depressing even to glance at the feeble productions of Southey, Croly, Huddesford, and the irrepressible "Mr. Anon." It is curious to note that the one poem which of all poems best represents the feelings of the veterans of the "Grande Armée" for the general who had so often led them to victory, Heine's "Two Grenadiers," is omitted, and that Thackeray's "Chronicle of the Drum" finds no place in Mr. Hillis's anthology. Of the editor's introductory remarks prefixed to the different poems, it is only necessary to say that for the earlier periods dealing with the French Revolution they exhibit a stupendous ignorance of the subject, and that for the later period they are marked by an ill-informed hero-worship which is rather amusing and wholly ridiculous.

LONGMANS' GAZETTEER.

Longmans' Gazetteer of the World. Edited by George G. Chisholm. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

THERE is no department of knowledge the presentation of which becomes more rapidly antiquated than that of geography, and the appearance of a new and comprehensive cyclopædia of geography, containing the latest information, must at all times be regarded as a subject of gratulation. Such a work we have before us in 'Longmans' Gazetteer of the World.' It forms a ponderous volume of 1,796 pages, containing on an average about 57 titles, so that the total number of notices is about 100,000, or about three-fourths as many as in 'Lippincott's Gazetteer.' Makers of cyclopædias depend so largely upon what their predecessors in the same field have wrought that the structure is generally weighted down with a prodigious amount of dead matter carried to meet imaginary requirements. Every cyclopædia is defective for want of space, and yet most cyclopædias are senselessly prodigal with the space at their command. No end of worthless information is heaped up about insignificant places and administrative subdivisions in accordance with a scheme dictated by custom instead of by intelligent needs. 'Longmans' Gazetteer of the World,' on the whole, is constructed on broad and independent lines and on a high plane of scientific treatment. It is conspicuous for its vigorous presentation of topics and for the freshness of its information, as well as for its enlightened emancipation from traditional methods, as manifested especially in the exclusion of that mass of insignificant details to which we have referred. A great deal of trained scholarship has been brought to bear upon the work, and a wise economy of space has made it possible to deal generously even with the less important subjects. We need only point to the full descriptions of the governmental divisions of Russia and the Prussian provinces. Unfortunately, the many shortcomings which obtrude themselves even upon a not hypercritical eye show that much of the matter has been assigned to incompetent hands, and that the individual topics have not been subjected to that rigid editorial scrutiny without which every cyclopædia is bound to be faulty.

A high standard of execution is by no means apparent in many even of the most important articles. Thus, the masterly delineation of the physical contours of France is in strange contrast with the absence of orographic details presented by the article on Italy, or the dry enumeration of the geographical features of the German Empire. The fine lines which mark the description of the Carpathians are absent in that of the Alps, whose picturesque and physiographic aspects (lakes, glaciers, etc.) are sadly neglected, although the article is a scholarly presentation in other respects. Nor is the description of the Nile as full as it should be even within the limited scope of such a work. There is a lack of consistency with regard to the range of the topics discussed under similar heads. Thus, the subject of emigration is treated under *Italy* and ignored under *German Empire*. The former article has a considerable section devoted to education, while in the latter the author has not found space for an enumeration of the universities. Our sense of proportion is not unfrequently shocked, as, for instance, by the inordinate amount of space in the description of Italy taken up with the subject of malaria.

The volume bears throughout the appearance of being up to date; the character of the articles, the statistical matter, and the frequent references to geographical magazines showing that recourse has been had to the latest sources of information. Especial attention has been bestowed in many cases upon parts of the globe respecting which our knowledge has been recently enlarged, or which have become prominent in our day in connection with the colonial policy of European states, as may be seen by turning to such titles as *Pamirs*, *Tongking*, and *South African Republic*. Geology claims a share which has not been accorded to it in similar publications, and indeed it is in places perhaps too prominent at the expense of more pragmatic features. The natural resources and industries of the various countries are minutely discussed, and foreign commerce receives special attention, the salient facts being given without recourse to formal statistical tables. A most attractive feature of this gazetteer is the amount of precise climatological information which it affords, concerning not only regions, but also individual cities. In the case of important towns as well as of countries the statistics of population at various censuses are introduced. Thus, we are informed what the population of Frankfort-on-the-Main was in 1817, 1871, 1880, and 1890; that of Vienna in 1754, 1820, 1840, 1880, and 1890; of Berlin in 1648, 1688, 1788, 1850, 1870, 1880, and 1890; of Boston in 1790, 1820, 1850, 1870, and 1890; and of Paris according to twelve enumerations or estimates reaching back to 1292.

In its descriptions of cities the work before us is far from satisfactory. The notice of Berlin, for example, is beneath criticism. Florence is rudely treated by the side of Venice. We cannot approve of the omission, in the article on Philadelphia, of the national mint and Independence Hall. The statement that Philadelphia has a greater area than any other city in America is erroneous and is contradicted under Chicago. The city is not situated 103 miles from the mouth of the Delaware, geographers not having agreed to regard Delaware Bay as part of the course of that river. It is ridiculous to assert that in 1830 Philadelphia ranked after Baltimore in point of population, after both Baltimore and New Orleans in 1840, and after Boston in 1850, without the qualifying statement that at each of these census enumerations the actual population, including those who resided without the limits of the municipality as then constituted, but within the present limits, far exceeded that of any city (including suburbs) in the Union except New York. In the article on Paris the latitude and longitude have been overlooked, and there is no mention of the famous observatory. The latitude and longitude of Amsterdam are likewise omitted. In the description of Frankfort-on-the-Main the new railway station, the largest in the world, is ignored.

In a gazetteer, every topic should as far as possible be treated individually under its own head. The substitution of cross-references to general articles for separate notices, if too freely indulged in, is sure to lead to serious inadequacies and omissions. This fault is conspicuous in the work before us. Thus *Matterhorn* and *Jungfrau* are referred to *Alps*, in which article the reader finds only a mere mention of these peaks. Again, the plan of this gazetteer embraces the description of peoples as well as of places, but there appear to be many serious omissions in this department. Thus while we find Slovaks, Slovenes, Wends, Bashkirs, Ostyaks, etc., we fail to discover Czechs, Wallachs, Letts, Livs, Cumans, or Tekke-Turkomans. A valuable feature might, in our judgment, have been added to this volume by the insertion (as separate titles) of the Latin names, mediæval as well as classical, of modern towns, with a reference or explanation, such names being frequently encountered on title-pages, documents, medals, and coins. The laudable example set in this respect by Guibert's 'Dictionnaire Géographique' about half a century ago has been ignored by the English and American gazetteers and cyclopædias.

In the field of history (a feature which, we allow, may be regarded as a very minor one in a gazetteer) the volume before us is very defective and untrustworthy. Under *Marathon* we read of the victory of Miltiades over the army of "Xerxes." The massacre of the British at Khurd-Kabul did not take place in 1841, but in January, 1842, and they were not retreating from Jalalabad to Kabul, but the reverse. Calais was not recovered from the French in 1557, but in 1558. Under *Plassey* there is no allusion to Clive's victory other than the statement that the place is a "battlefield." Under *Wahlstatt* we find a singularly lame mention of the battle which arrested the tide of Mongol invasion in Europe, and Szigetvár figures without the Leonidas of Hungary. Attila and his Huns should still receive a mention under *Châlons-sur-Marne* even if modern scholarship is disposed to doubt whether the great battle was fought in the immediate vicinity. The "historical notes" with which the articles on the principal countries close are often as full as the generous lines on which the work is planned would appear to demand. In the case of Turkey the historical sketch is strangely inadequate. In the survey of the territorial development of France no mention is made of the acquisition of Provence in 1481. The history of Courland and Livonia is ignored, although these interesting corners of Europe deserve to have some light thrown upon their past even in the prosaic pages of a gazetteer. The few words given under *Sicily* and *Naples* on the subject will not satisfy the reader who asks to be enlightened as to the precise meaning and the origin of the designation "Two Sicilies." The writer of the notice *Calabrie* forgets to state that the Calabria of the Romans designated the heel and not the toe of Italy.

Special prominence has been given in this volume to the United States, the criterion of inclusion adopted being such that the reader is enabled to locate all but the very smallest

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places. There is a mass of such entries as *Bridger's Pass*, *Bridger Basin*, *Death Valley*, *San Felipe Sink*, *Mansfield*, *Marcy*, *Twin Lakes*, *Tyndall Mountain*, and *Erie Canal*. The American portion would, however, have borne a much more careful handling than has been given it, as may be seen by an inspection of such notices as *Hudson* (the name Highlands not mentioned in speaking of the scenery), *Palisades* (location vaguely defined), *Adirondacks* (the lacustrine feature almost ignored), *Catskills* (no allusion to the Cloves), *Germantown* and *Dorchester* (entirely inadequate), *Governor's Island* (described as a "fortified port, U. S., in New York Harbour"), *Baltimore* (no mention of the archbishopric), *Chesapeake Bay* (no idea given of its length), and *Lake Superior* (only 13 lines).

It is unfortunate that the pages of a work so well conceived as the one under review and containing such a wealth of excellent matter should be marred by an unpardonable number of blemishes of all kinds, including the most inexcusable misprints. We have space to point out only a few. By a typographical error the latitude of Philadelphia is given as 30 degrees in place of 39. Williamstown is stated to be forty-five miles from the northwest corner of Massachusetts instead of four miles. Lake George is entered as *George Lake* without a comma. The central plain of Chile is stated, through an obvious misprint, to have a mean width of 308 miles. Under the head of *America* we read that Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water on the globe, with an area of 31,200 miles, a statement which is contradicted under *Victoria Nyanza* (32,167 miles), where, however, the area of the islands is perhaps included. The location of Lusatia is falsely described ("S." standing for "E.," and the Brandenburg portion being ignored). Under the head of *Bermuda* we find "Cape Hatteras, in S. Carolina." In the account of the metric system in the article *France* by a curious slip (the non-correction of which in proof is unpardonable) the *are* is stated to be equivalent to one square metre instead of 100 square metres. In the enumeration of the French forts Briançon (department of Hautes-Alpes) is included among those in the northeastern part of the country. In one part of the article *Rhine* it is stated that Mainz is at the head of steam navigation, and in another part that steamboats ascend as far as Mannheim. The information regarding glaciers in the article *Alps* is misleading in the absence of any statement regarding the Grindelwald, which descends much lower than the Aletsch. The Mississippi does not transport 3,627,200,000 tons of sedimentary matter yearly to the Gulf of Mexico, but only one-tenth of that amount (the estimated volume of the deposit, which is correctly stated, being erroneously converted into tons). Monaco figures without Monte Carlo, Brie without its cheese, and Dauphiné without its English name. The cross-reference *Blue Mountains* is not justified. The reader is referred from *Cheronea* to *Lebadeia* and from *Lebadeia* to *Levadeia*, but under *Levadeia* not a word is said about Cheronea. We search in vain for the Mer de Glace, and for Moabit, one of Berlin's well-known suburbs.

In the matter of orthography we note a marked deviation from ordinary usage in the substitution of *ch* for *tch* in Russian names. This may be well, but it is a mistake to have omitted cross-references under *Tch*. There should also have been references under *Yek* to Russian names entered under *Ek*. The editor has adopted several new characters into the alphabet in the spelling of names belonging to languages not using the Roman alphabet. The Spanish *ñ* is introduced in such Russian names as *Kazañ* and *Ryazañ*, and ö and ü are employed in the transliteration of Oriental names. It is a pity that a modified *l* has not been provided to meet such cases as are presented in Russian names ending in *pol*. The editing has been extremely careless in the matter of French and Spanish accents, the most telling example being afforded by the French names beginning with accented *E*, some of which are printed with the accent and some without. This is not a pronouncing gazetteer, although occasionally the pronunciation is indicated where it is strikingly at variance with the orthography. We cannot find fault with the publishers for not having attempted what is a practically impossible task, in spite of the very commendable measure of success achieved in this direction by 'Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer.'

With all its shortcomings 'Longmans' Gazetteer of the World,' as a treasury of geographical information, derived from the latest sources—information much of which is not easily accessible—must be regarded as a valuable addition to encyclopædic literature, and deserves a place on the shelves of every library.

RECENT FICTION.

Dorothy, and Other Italian Stories. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Harper & Bros.

The Life of Nancy, and Other Tales. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Cup of Trembling, and Other Stories. By Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain, and Other Stories. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Red Men and White. By Owen Wister. Harper & Bros.

Clarence. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Amos Judd. By J. A. Mitchell (Editor of *Life*). Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Gypsy Christ, and Other Tales. By William Sharp. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

Black Spirits and White: A Book of Ghost Stories. By Ralph Adams Cram. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

Lovers' Saint Ruth's, and Three Other Tales. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Copeland & Day.

His Father's Son. By Brander Matthews. Harper & Bros.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The King of Andaman, a Saviour of Society. By J. Maclaren Cobban. D. Appleton & Co.

A Monk of Fife: A Romance of the Days of Jeanne d'Arc. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co.

The Watter's Mou'. By Bram Stoker. D. Appleton & Co.

A COMPARISON between a number of our current short tales and novels shows that the great stream of fiction has been cleft in two, and that the branches are as sharply defined and essentially different as are the *fabliaux* of the Middle Ages and the Romances of Chivalry. While the novelists are rivalling the denunciatory prophets, running them close in gloom if not in power, the story-tellers cultivate a gracious intention to entertain, and an amiable desire to give pleasure rather than pain. The novel has become a criticism (not often illuminative) of the vexed and unhappy problems of life, but the story remains a narration of incidents not limited to the unpleasant or offensive; an imaginative transcription of bits of life not necessarily saturated with woe; and an illustration of sentiment and passions not exclusively hopeless or vicious. The novelists have generally discarded the imaginative and finely ideal, believing such qualities to be frivolous and unholy; but the story-tellers flaunt these ancient and discredited banners of their calling, and may come to be considered as the best poets of our generation. As craftsmen they are far more skilful than their serious and discursive brethren. Appearing to know what they want to do, they make steady way to their foreseen conclusion, and convey a clear impression of their meaning. They have, as a rule, grasped the principles of concentration and economy of attention, and many show an admirable talent for observing the characteristic and for inventing or adopting the phrase that reveals a chapter.

Among those who have brought their agreeable art nearly to perfection are several women, who should be highly prized as compensation for the preponderance of their sex in the ranks of the amazing novelists. Their work, with the exception perhaps of Miss Murfree's, is distinctively feminine, not in the way of being sentimental, or didactic, or squeamish, but for its decency, grace, and refinement. If they have ever had any temptation to dally with impurities for the sake of notoriety, they have resisted it, perceiving that there are certain subjects which, if a woman sinks to, she sinks with. In the whole of Miss Woolson's work, for instance, though there is no shirking of physical passion and the dire complications for which it may be responsible, there is not a hint of coarse sensuality or a touch of grossness. On the other hand, her lovers do not become phantasma through attenuation of the force of physical attraction. In 'Dorothy,' the second volume of Italian tales and her last work, most of her lovers are fervent and persistent rather than fiery. The scene of the love-making is usually the terraced garden of an Italian villa temporarily occupied by a wealthy American widow and her charming daughter or niece. The lover may belong to any nation, but he is always, as it were, on the wing: at the slightest tiff with his adored one he takes the first express, and, prodigal of railway fares, exhausts his ire in an inconsequent whirl over Europe. These stories, even as the life from which they are drawn, are more pleasing than exciting, and depend for charm on the congeniality between scene and temperament. They express ripe social experience and an eye keen to observe significant trifles, but have neither the vigor nor depth of the author's tales of Americans seen in a land where they do not conspicuously dawdle about terraces, jesting with pretty women and drinking copiously of tea.

Miss Jewett is content, and most heartily contents us, with the American at home, almost restricted to the New Englander working his unproductive farm, fishing on the more responsive sea, and gossiping up and down the village streets. The incidents in the volume entitled 'The Life of Nancy' are simple almost to bareness, but they are exalted by a sympathetic revelation of human nature and by an exquisite literary representation. The fussy old maids, kind or cross, the unconsciously humorous and self-complacent seafaring men, the taciturn husbands and loquacious,

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irrelevant widows, all are in a way characteristically of New England, but Miss Jewett goes deep enough to link them with a wider world and to insure them greeting as kin, irrespective of geographical limitation and local accident. When a thing is perfectly well done, it is profitless to try to explain how and why. Nature's special endowments defy analysis, and those curious about seemingly wonderful achievements are restricted to guessing what has been added by care and industry to the original, inexplicable faculty, the unknown and incalculable quantity. What Miss Jewett appears to have gained by her sincere and loving application to letters is facility of expression which shows neither haste nor waste, and a classic beauty of form and serenity of manner. She has certainly proclaimed that beauty and truth are not antagonistic, and that the real and the ideal are inextricably woven in the warp of human life.

Mrs. Foote's talent is smaller and less mysterious than Miss Jewett's, and it is easier to discern the increase from cultivation. She gives us the appearance, the effect, and leaves us to infer the true inwardness or to give it up. Her stories are drawn from the mountains, plains, and cañons of the very far West—places where, when anything happens, it startles, terrifies, frequently kills somebody. The event has great self-reliance and speaks for itself, indifferent to the character of the people implicated. It loves a tragic mask and identifies itself with nature's vastness and desolation. In the tale of "Maverick" the lasting impression is not that of pity for a young girl flying from life made intolerable by the blackguardism of male relations and the too great solicitude of an ugly lover, but of horror of the Black Lava fields eager to grant death to any who enter their hideous solitudes. So, in the title story, no great compassion is felt for the fate that overtook a very frail woman, but a penetrating realization of the awfulness of the avalanche biding its time to hurl God's judgment upon the sinful. The sentiment of the dreary isolation of miners on the mountain slopes when work has stopped and winter closed in, is vividly rendered in the same story, and the author's phrase has a sad, poetic quality very inspiring to imagination. The local element in Mrs. Foote's stories is all supplied by the event and scene. With the natives she does not concern herself, perhaps because there are none, except a lone Skitwish Indian, an unmalleable being. At all events, her people have always come from somewhere else, and one feels sure that, if they are permitted to live long enough, they will go home again.

Miss Murfree, on the contrary, is rigidly local. Her Tennessee mountains are purpler, bluer, and yellower than any other; they are at times more remote and forbidding, at times more close and tender, than the peaks and summits of other ranges; their moon is distinctly superior, and, unlike other moons, constant. Their inhabitants bear little resemblance to the natives of other altitudes and gorges, but they make up for variation from the type by close family likeness. The occasional stranger who invades these fastnesses is a revenue officer, a bailiff, or a handsome adventurer seeking game, gold, or health. If he is handy with his pistol, he has a chance to get away and repent of his rashness, but he frequently meets one who is handier, and his bones bleach in the eternal moonlight. We do not mean to disparage Miss Murfree for an inaccurate observation of mountains, moon, and natives, but rather to admire her creative power. Her brilliant dramatic imagination is naturally accompanied by a tendency to reckless, picturesque statement, and it is through the strength and the defects of these qualities that her stories always appear more like the work of a man than of a woman. "The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain" is full of weird, fantastic touches and description that excites but does not describe. The tale is not well held together, and suffers in interest by opening with an event so dramatic that all the rest seems tame. The second story, which describes the competition for the Blue Ribbon offered to the best rider at the Kildeer County fair, goes splendidly, and is as good as anything in Miss Murfree's first famous volume. By his tender unselfishness Justus Hoxon, in "The Casting Vote," is doomed to failure as a mountaineer. The terrestrial globe, in fact, is but a poor place for such a noble spirit. His sacrifices for his "fambly," his pride in its progress, and his betrayal by the best loved brother, make a sequence of miseries intolerable to follow were it not for the comic interludes which mitigate the pathos without jarring it too roughly. The robustness of Miss Murfree's comedy has, like her imagination, a noticeably masculine quality, and she is the only woman who has been able to give expression to that grim, ironical humor which is as abundant as ozone in outlandish America.

Bret Harte has used up a good deal of it, but not all, for it smiles all through the volume 'Red Men and White,' by Mr. Owen Wister, a new-comer in fiction. These stories are about adventurers, soldiers, and Indians, and describe what they were all doing west of the Missouri a quarter of a century ago. They were generally doing what they should not have done, except the soldiers, who went astray only when acting under direct orders from the gentlemen of the War Office in Washington. "Specimen Jones," who appears in several of the tales, is a most attractive vagabond, with a reserve of sentiment uttering itself at odd moments through the medium of old English songs. Full of expedients as well as of strange oaths, army discipline represses his impulsiveness without quenching his ingenuity. The trick by which he effects "The Second Missouri Compromise" is as clever as it is unexpected. This tale of a deadlock between the Governor of Idaho and his Legislature is indeed delightful. The situation is most serious, but the attendant circumstances are so humorous that even the Governor and his treasurer must have been spared the bare horror of impending death. Barring a slight defect in construction (a superfluous scene between the captain, his wife, and the surgeon), "The Second Missouri Compromise" is as good a frontier tale as has ever been written, and, apart from the general excellence of the other stories, makes the volume memorable.

In the story of 'Clarence,' which is neither short nor very long, the veteran sponsor for the pioneers, Bret Harte, goes back to the days that tried men's souls and women's faith. Several old friends reappear on the scene—Clarence Brant, who gives the tale a name; Jim Hooker, dirty, swaggering, and dishonest as of old; and Colonel Starbottle, still extravagant in shirt ruffles and rhetoric. The story turns on the implication of Brant in the plots of his Southern wife, an inveterate conspirator. The first part, which narrates the gathering and dispersal of the conspirators in San Francisco, is swift, clear, and dramatic; the second wavers and drags, with such confusion of signals, disguises, and other paraphernalia of the spy business, such a mixing up of a haughty Southern girl, a mysterious mulatto, and Mrs. Brant, that President Lincoln's unravelling is more confirmatory of his astuteness than any anecdote that his biographers have been able to provide. The President is reported to have said to Brant, "In Illinois we wouldn't hang a yellow dog on the evidence before the department"—which is creditable to the administration of justice in Illinois, but we feel that the State would stand within its rights in declining to examine such evidence even if the alternative were the hanging of a thousand yellow dogs.

Local color again and a Sam Slick personality, quaint, shrewd, eccentric, sententious, and ungrammatical, are among the expectations awakened by the title of Mr. Mitchell's tale, 'Amos Judd.' The editor of *Life* may be accused of deliberately misleading the public, but not of disappointing it. Cold is the imagination that cannot forget the improbability of the incident in appreciation of its romantic beauty, and dull the mind untouched by the surprising contrast between the manner and the matter, the clever adaptation of a light, neat, pointed, modern style to the narration of circumstances including both the mystic and the wonderful. What these circumstances are nobody should tell, but every one should read. Criticism of bold experiments in literature, as in life, is silenced by unequivocal success. To our mind there is but one flaw in Mr. Mitchell's story, and that is the means employed to bring about the inevitable end. His expedient here is too literally actual. We can bear to let Amos Judd go because we must; but the manner of his going adds to the pang of sorrow an emotion of resentful horror, throwing us back for consolation on the reflection that, after all, it is only a story, therefore we must pluck up courage to go about our business, and, after a decent interval, smile again.

No easier way could be tried for determining the differences between original and imitative fiction than that of reading, after 'Amos Judd,' 'The Gypsy Christ, and Other Tales.' No other reason for commending Mr. Sharp's volume occurs to us. The title story echoes Edgar Allan Poe—a disorderly, intoxicated echo; "Madge o' the Pool" brings back to us modernized, brutalized in unromantic nakedness, Dickens's Bird of Prey and Lizzie Hexham; "The Coward" is the sort of thing Pierre Loti might do without the aid of his temperament, and every one can imagine how valuable that sort of thing would be; "The Lady in Hosea" is as old as the story of another Biblical dame, Potiphar's wife, but it has a novel touch at the end with which Mr. Sharp must be credited, assuming that he means to be quite savagely sarcastic. Parallels for the remaining tales abound, and all their labored obscurity and artificiality cannot disguise the antiquity of their origin.

Mr. Cram, the author of 'Black Spirits and White,' is as careful as Mr. Sharp in guarding us from the agitation of hearing new things. His originality, however, asserts itself by the discarding of the author's preface (endeared to us by time and custom) and the substitution of a postscript. Here he disclaims ownership of the germs of the things we have been reading, and defines these things as "norms," telling us that he is more than content if he has succeeded in clothing the norms in new vesture. A reviewer of fiction must pass the germs and norms, knowing that his opinions on these sacred objects would justly excite contempt, if not derision. Again, having in mind the little wherewith Mr. Cram may be contented, a humane reviewer must desist even from scanning

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the "vesture" too closely. But, standing well off and giving heed only to the general effect of this vesture, there cannot be much harm in saying that its novelty is not dazzling, that its ornament is out of proportion to its utility, and that it is almost voluminous enough effectually to conceal the elusive norm.

Miss Guiney furnishes 'Lovers' Saint Ruth's' with a preface about as modest as Mr. Cram's postscript, but less mystical. The title tale is a sort of mediæval norm built into an ecclesiastical ruin which is described by a soulful curate as a "darling bit of early decorated." Miss Guiney says that she dreamed this tale and publishes it with reluctance, appearing to have been urged thereto by friends. In the question of publishing a book, it is safer to take counsel with enemies than with friends, because a little animosity is often more productive of critical taste than is a cordial affection. Nothing in the volume makes us feel that Miss Guiney is wise in deserting verse for prose. Her way of telling things is either tedious and involved or melodramatic, and the good qualities, showing chiefly in descriptions of nature, are those which most brightly shine in poetry. The sad episode of "the provider" is almost the same as the suicide of Father Time—a very ghastly incident in 'Jude the Obscure.' Miss Guiney says it was written several years ago, and founded on an actual occurrence. Her unhappy child is much more human than Mr. Hardy's, and the management of the narrative is less inapt than that of the preceding tales. The blundering phonetic Irish, however, detracts from intrinsic strength and pathos.

'His Father's Son' is a sad dog. Not a touch of mirth or frivolous fancy is permitted by Mr. Matthews to disturb the serious record of his ignominious existence. "This," the author seems to say, "is life, not fooling. Let us treat our awful subject awfully." The fidelity to fact of the representation of the father, Ezra Pierce, need not be questioned. Almost any one who reads the newspapers could rattle off a recognizable description of a mighty potentate of Wall Street with a fair criticism of his methods, also conveying an impression of his character, derived from the daily press, very similar to that given by Mr. Matthews and not a bit more engaging. The son, Winslow, his wife and mother, are presumably equally true to life, but rarer. The impotence of the whole three before the most familiar problems, the utter inadequacy of the women to stretch out a saving hand to a boy whom they love and who is rapidly going down to death, betray a hopeless stupidity which Mr. Matthews never could have imagined, and the observation of which must have given him many unhappy hours. It is a pity that he prolonged this pain by writing down in detail the ineptitudes of those incompetent women; admiration of his courage is lost in an overwhelming sense of its uselessness for either instruction or reproof. Besides, the result of the labor (probably contrary to the author's intention) is to move us to pity the weak-headed Winslow, and to understand perfectly the temptations offered by a volatile and expensive Daisy Fostelle. The dreariness of these people has weighed on Mr. Matthews's style, and we wish he would consent to throw truth to the winds and take on once more the gay irresponsibility of a writer of plain, uncompromising fiction.

The tide of popular favor for English fiction which is chiefly Scotch appears still to rest conveniently at flood, and the authors, plentifully endowed with national canniness, are not backward in working an advantageous circumstance for all it is worth. A sober, reticent Scot must be deeply perplexed by the wild interest apparently taken in all that he does, says, and thinks, and considerably irritated by the publicity thrust upon him. It is not altogether a flattering fame, and he doubtless sees clearly that the authors are not so much concerned about proclaiming his virtues as they are eager to expose his eccentricities and make capital of his harmless peculiarities. No one is a more reckless invader of parish privacy than the minister who writes over the name Ian Maclaren. It is true that his exhaustive disclosures of stinginess, bigotry, and trivial pugnacity are offset by tributes to sturdy honesty and deep feeling. Nevertheless, we anticipate the day when exasperated elders will undertake to discipline garrulous literary Paul Prys masquerading as ministers. In characterization the volume entitled 'The Days of Auld Lang Syne' is more vague and shallower than the author's preceding work, and that sentiment which captured so many readers degenerates into sentimentality—indeed, comes perilously near to twaddle.

'The King of Andaman,' a long, romantic novel, very loosely constructed, involves much larger issues than are leases, roups, and bickerings between the Establishment and the Free. The scene is in a Scotch community of weavers just after the hapless Chartist movement and before the general introduction of machinery. The "Maister of Hutcheon" hardly strikes us as real and substantial; but as a large hearted possibility, capable of seeing visions of perfection, he is well conceived. The French manufacturer and the Irish scalawag are more credible figures and naturally much less admirable. All the detail of the times and conditions is interesting and well presented, and the use of uncouth dialect is discreetly limited.

In 'A Monk of Fife' Mr. Lang shrewdly utilizes two fashions, the acceptability of Scotch character and the revived interest in Jeanne d'Arc. His tale assumes to be a translation of a fifteenth-century MS. We frankly avow complete ignorance of the *Liber Pluscardensis*, but know enough about Mr. Lang to feel sure that, wherever he may have got his facts, he is responsible for the fiction, and that the fiction much exceeds the facts. Since he must have a Scot, we are glad he has resisted the fascinations of the weaver and farmer, and has chosen a fighter, a free-lance, one who had the foresight to learn the "Southron's tongue" at his mother's knee. The adventures of Norman Leslie, in spite of his proclivity for receiving deadly wounds and swooning away at a critical moment, are stirring, and the mystic maid is not absolutely removed from human comprehension and sympathy. Mr. Lang has taken a great deal of pains with the descriptions of historic battles and sieges—pains that are perhaps wasted, for the shades of difference in the actual events escape the most faithful narrator, and to the reader who is not a boy it seems as if one as a sample would have done for all. But the book is a boy's book, and it will slake his thirst for blood and slaughter without vitiating his mind or impairing his morals.

There is only one rational excuse for the use of dialect in stories, and that is when the dialect helps out the story—when, in fact, you couldn't have the story without it. No such limitation has embarrassed the mind of the author of 'The Watter's Mou'.' The smuggler's daughter, her father and brothers and friends, would be just as theatrical and conventional in English as they are in intermittent Aberdeenshire Scotch. The central incident has a thrill in its heart which loses force by the author's artificial treatment, and never have sky, sea, and wind lowered, raged, and roared with more amazing spectacular effect, not only o'erstepping, but quite putting to shame, the modesty of nature.

Reconstruction during the Civil War in the United States of America. By Eben Greenough Scott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895. Pp. 432.

We have here a work which is said by its author to be preliminary to a political history of the period of Reconstruction, which he intends to write. Such a history might be a very instructive and valuable book, but its value will largely depend on the standpoint of the writer. This preliminary volume is useful as enunciating the author's interpretation of the Constitution and applying his principles to the civil war itself.

When Jefferson Davis devoted a large part of his book on the Confederate States to an elaborate argument that the South had the right under the Constitution to secede, and that the United States had no constitutional power to put down the rebellion, all the world laughed. If the first part of his contention had any force, and secession was a fact, he and all who believed with him were completely estopped from claiming anything from that Constitution in either the conduct of the war or the terms insisted on afterward. They had repudiated the Constitution. Feeling the force of this, apparently, Mr. Scott carefully avoids committing himself to the constitutionality of secession. He argues the case, rather, from the standpoint of the "Northern man with Southern principles" who could oppose the prosecution of the war as unlawful, the abolition of slavery as revolutionary, and the imposition of any terms at the close of the war as tyranny.

The first half of the book is an elaborate effort to read into the history of the country the fundamental principle that "separateness" was the vital (or mortal) element dominant in all its development from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown onward. Union was abhorrent to the American nature, and the separate sovereignty of colony and State was so radical a law of the country's growth that, whether the States and people formed a "perpetual union" in 1777, or a still "more perfect union" in 1787, they must be understood to have meant only the twisting of a rope of sand which could bind nobody if any member of the Union chose to practise disunion. Our author therefore finds it unnecessary to discuss the affirmative right to secede, or the sufficiency of reasons given for secession. It is quite enough to affirm the complete absence of power to prevent it. He seems wholly unconscious that a majority of the people of the country will regard his conclusion as self-destructive. They will say, Your conclusion that the United States had not power to put down an insurrection, proves that either your premises, or your logic, or both, are wrong. The absurdity of your result shows that another interpretation of constitutional power is the true one.

Education of the public mind has made progress with time, and intelligent men do not now shrink from clear formulation of principles which they did not care to discuss in 1861. It is characteristic of political discussion to seek methods of conciliating supporters, and to avoid statements, however sound, that may

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offend those whose votes may possibly be obtained. Mr. Scott will find that such questions as that of the right to coerce a State give little trouble nowadays. The wonder is that they ever troubled anybody. The truth is, that the Constitution provides for the same means of coercing a State that violates its obligations that it does for a single citizen. The third article provides for making a State either a plaintiff or a defendant in controversies before the courts of the United States. Judgment and execution *are* coercion. The principle established, the rest is only a question of form. The willingness to avoid unnecessary issues led to distinguishing between the coercion of a citizen and coercion of a State, but the logic of events taught that there was no need of making even a sentimental distinction, and that a State in insurrection should be coerced as well as a collection of individuals. The State is one of the political corporations within the national Union and owing many important obligations to it. Either the State or its citizens or both may be guilty of violating those obligations, and may be compelled to perform them or made to bear the penalty.

It was always part of the elementary law that there are matters in which a party wronged may redress his own injury. If I am assaulted, I am not limited in redress to suing for damages: I may repel force with force. To say that this power is less in the nation than in a private person is to expose the ridiculousness of the assertion. These are principles of interpretation which the terrible lessons of the civil war taught so cogently that the old doctrine of impotence is scouted. It never was held except as a logic-chopping method of upholding the institution of slavery, and efforts to revive its discredited and discreditable sophistries will be utterly futile. Mr. Scott says the letter of the Constitution remains to show how far the people have been swept from their moorings. The answer is that no such thing was ever found in the letter. It was read into it by partisans of a wrong, as implied interpretations for which no solid basis was ever shown, contrary to the natural meaning of the instrument. They precipitated upon us an unparalleled civil war in their endeavor to enforce such a theory of the fundamental law, and the appeal to arms was decided against them, as was the appeal to reason. It is difficult to characterize properly the fatuity of a fresh attempt to write history with the discarded doctrine as a standard.

The subordinate propositions are as transparently weak as the leading ones. In regard to Reconstruction measures we are told that it was an "untenable position that, though these States were still members of the Federal Union, and their citizens had not ceased to be citizens of the United States, these citizens had become incapable of exercising political privileges." So far from being untenable, it describes one of the commonest things in the world. Loss of political privileges as a consequence of unlawful acts meets us at every turn. We see it in the case of every counterfeiter of the coin. He is still a citizen of one of the States, but the United States puts him in prison, where his "political privileges" are denied him. Or does Mr. Scott suppose that the inmates of penitentiaries regularly "go home to vote"? In certain classes of offences the deprivation of political privileges is specifically made part of the punishment. Now, strange as it seems to appear to Mr. Scott, a resort to war is a method of enforcing rights and of imposing penalties for wrongs. It is a court of last resort when peaceful means shall fail. It has its recognized methods of procedure and of enforcing its penalties. These penalties may affect States as corporate bodies, or their citizens, or both. Those who engage in insurrections incur the well-understood risk of all these results. They know also full well that there is no other method of trial in which the penalty is so largely discretionary with the party whom victory has made the judge.

It is the unique glory of the United States that, when victory left the late insurgents at its mercy, the nation did not raise the cry of *Vae victis!* Having fully established the principle of national sovereignty, and vindicated both its right and its power, its leniency astonished the world. It gave the lie to all the prophecies of cruelty, and proved that the discretion which it exercised as conqueror was a law of reason and conciliation to itself. The columns of this journal during the Reconstruction period show how ardent Unionists urged that it was not in the interest of good government to exclude from participation in it those who represented the capital and the intelligence of the South. Such counsels prevailed more quickly than was to be expected, and of penalties there were practically none.

During the progress of Reconstruction there were disputes between the departments of the Government which well deserve careful study and judicial analysis. There were examples of misgovernment under the so-called "carpet-bag rule" which were deplorable. A history of these from the standpoint of a thorough Unionist who could appreciate the difficulties of the situation, would be most valuable and full of political instruction. To have it written by one who condemns the whole war as wicked on the part of the United States, who can see nothing in Mr. Lincoln but a usurping dictator, who can find nothing lawful or right that Congress could do, promises, we fear, but little profit. A historian should have the faculty of throwing himself sufficiently into the position of parties to comprehend their views. He should be able to judge them, not wholly by his own political creed, but by theirs. He should know that to them there would be some theory of consistency by which their policy would have some unity of purpose. He should be above the vulgar assumption that all who oppose him are scoundrels, and all who disagree with him are liars.

If Mr. Scott were able to assume the rôle of the judicious critic and the judicial historian, the vigor and clearness of his style, with the evident industry of his reading, should insure a noteworthy book. But the doctrines of this preliminary work give little hope of a valuable result. From the pen of one who affects to believe that nothing would have been right but immediate, unqualified, and unconditional restoration, we cannot look for impartial narrative or appreciative criticism.

Russia and the English Church during the Last Fifty Years. Edited by W. J. Birkbeck, M.A., F.S.A. Vol. I. Published for the Eastern Church Association. London: Rivington, Percival & Co.

FOR the many who take an interest in the much discussed question of church unity, and in theological reading in general, the volume which Mr. Birkbeck has edited will be a timely contribution. It consists of the correspondence—or, rather, a portion of the correspondence—between Mr. William Palmer and Alexei S. Khomiakoff. It forms a valuable sequel to Mr. Palmer's 'Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church,' which Cardinal Newman edited after Mr. Palmer's death. In that work Mr. Palmer narrated his experiences during a two-years' visit to Russia, which he made with the express object of being received into communion with the Russian Church, not as a convert, but on the ground that, if the Anglican and Russian churches were, in reality, "catholic," as they profess to be, a member of one is, necessarily, a member of the other. His discussions with the Russian ecclesiastics and ordinary members of high educated society on the different points of dogma and on the interpretation of the creeds are very fully reported. To a certain extent the failure of his attempt to establish church unity in that particular direction, and the arguments for and against it, are finally summed up in that volume. But the present volume is, in no sense, a repetition of the former, though it treats of the same theme, viz., the assumption that the Anglican, Roman, and Russian churches are simply local forms of "the Church."

After his return to England from his Russian journey, Mr. Palmer came into correspondence with a remarkable Russian who has had an incalculable influence on the religious life of his fellow-countrymen, and even on the Church itself, as Mr. Birkbeck explains in his "Introduction." Alexei Khomiakoff was a layman, of noble, not of priestly, birth; an ex-officer in the Guards, whose chief interest and pleasure in life were his Church and theology. The extent of his influence can be accurately judged only by those who, in addition to knowing the facts which Mr. Birkbeck sets forth, have had the opportunity of hearing his contemporaries speak of his personality and of the book by which he is chiefly known at home and abroad—so far as he is known at all abroad—'L'Église Latine et le Protestantisme au point de vue de l'Église de l'Orient.' Several of his sayings therein have become part of the current language-coin of the country, such as his famous retort to the Protestant accusation that the *ikóni*, or sacred pictures, are fetishes and are worshipped as such: "The Protestants have a true fetish of their own, the Bible; they adore it but do not read it." There is nothing of this sort in the letters which Mr. Birkbeck collected in Moscow and St. Petersburg, neither is there much to show us Khomiakoff in his character of universal genius, practical man of business, and clear-headed reasoner in many other departments besides theology. He appears, mainly, as the gentle, devout, persuasive reasoner.

The religious movement in which he played so prominent a part was, as his editor rightly explains, different from the English Tractarian Movement in that it represented the religious and national movements in combination. "The great work of Khomiakoff's life was undoubtedly the definite direction which he gave to the Slavophile movement in Russia in its relation to the Orthodox Church. It is not an exaggeration to say that his theological writings have given a logical form to the idea of the Church which, although it has never received the sanction of an Œcumenical Council, nor even of a general council of the Eastern churches, nevertheless undoubtedly underlies the teaching of the Orthodox Church wherever she is to be met with," says Mr. Birkbeck, and he adds: "If any one wishes to estimate what Khomiakoff has done for Orthodox theology, let him first read Mr. Palmer's 'Notes'" and compare the results of the schools of theology which existed before Khomiakoff, as set forth in those discussions, and then "let him go to Russia and study the Church as she exists there at the present day. He will not be

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long in realizing how completely the channel into which the Slavophiles led contemporary Russia in theological thought corresponds with actual facts."

It will be perceived at once that discussions between men of such exceptional qualifications on both sides cannot fail to be of the highest interest. But that which particularly impresses us is the change which has taken place, and is still taking place, during the course of this correspondence, in Mr. Palmer's mind. When he set out on his Russian trip ('Notes, etc.'), he seemed, on the whole, to be satisfied with the Anglican Church, and did not even accept the Russian symbol of faith as possible. Apparently, he returned home in the same frame of mind. Later on, after a lapse of years, he came to believe that the Creed without the *filioque* clause was the only one possible, and that it included the other, as many eminent theologians now admit. While in this mood, he made a long visit to Athens, which is recorded at length in this volume, and tried to be received into the Greek Church. But, at that time, the Greek Church required that converts should be rebaptized, though the Russian Church did not. Although he had refused to enter the Russian communion otherwise than unconditionally, he was now willing to enter the Greek Church by baptism, provided that the baptism should be administered to him conditionally "in case the former baptism should be declared invalid," which he did not believe, as he held that the rite could be performed and received only once. But the Greek ecclesiastical authorities, as was natural, refused to administer any other than unconditional baptism, and Mr. Palmer gave up that attempt also. He printed some Dissertations, and writes to Khomiakoff that he has sent copies thereof to Russia; if a Russian translation is permitted unaltered, or altered only in such measure as will not affect the theological completeness (which he does not at all expect), he might then seek admission to the communion of the Russian Church. It will be seen that he had now reached the point where he had made up his mind not to remain in the Anglican communion, but was unwilling to enter any other where he would not be allowed to discuss freely and publicly matters which were of essential importance to religion. He has repeatedly expressed irreconcilable non-concurrence with the dogmas and practices of the Roman Church, yet he has, by this time, become so unsettled that he announces to Khomiakoff: "After, then, I have done all I can towards the Russian as well as the Greek Church, I should probably, as I have said, go to Rome, with the hope of learning something there to enable me to change my mind and submit to her claims, since I can no longer defend the Anglican nor find a satisfactory entrance into the Eastern Church."

Now, while there is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Palmer was thoroughly sincere in his unhappy search for truth, and in his conscientious splitting of theological hairs "'twixt south and southwest side," the upshot of it all, at the end of this volume (which breaks off at the epoch of the Crimean war as a natural division), is decidedly startling:

"Having arrived at Rome," he writes, "and having been persuaded by some very enthusiastic friends of mine to make a retreat, I came into connection with a very distinguished theologian, Father Passaglia, who informed me of an 'opinion' which I had never thought of, and which served to facilitate my conviction—namely, that having, as I had, Greek rather than Latin convictions upon certain important points of controversy, I could all the same be received into the Roman Catholic communion by merely suspending my private judgment, and making up my mind to affirm nothing contrary to the known dogmas of the Roman Church, nor to entertain by preference any such thoughts. Accordingly I followed his advice . . . I have obtained from the step which I have resolved upon a real peace, and a religious position which I am able to defend; but, as for my intellectual position, it has remained almost without change; only, in respect to the Roman See, and, in general, in respect to general arguments favorable to the pretensions of Catholicism, I find it much more agreeable to be on the side of the stronger rather than on that of the less strong."

How this frank confession can be reconciled with the stern intellectual honesty which has seemed, up to this point, to be Mr. Palmer's distinguishing trait, it is very difficult to see. The whole book furnishes a curious psychological as well as theological study.

Mr. Birkbeck has performed his task extremely well, and his foot-notes are very helpful not only to the understanding of this correspondence, but also to that of the subject in general. There are one or two trifling errors which it would be well to correct on p. xix: "The deliverance of the Church and State from the attack of the Gauls and of the twenty nations which accompanied them," should read "twelve nations." The error arises from misunderstanding the unusual word, *dvunadesyat*. On. p. liv, "throw away doubt" should read "throw any doubt." There are one or two other mistakes which it is not worth while to chronicle here.

Anima Poetæ: From the Unpublished Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

THE editing of this volume is by the same careful hand that edited for us recently the 'Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.' Much labor must have gone to the preparation of it, but the outcome is its ample justification and reward. There is nothing better here, nothing more characteristic, than we have had heretofore in the 'Table Talk' and 'Friend' and 'Biographia Literaria,' but there is a fresh instalment of what attracted us in those delightful books, good in itself and calculated to send one acquainted with those books back to them for the renewal of his pleasure in them and to win for them some new appreciation. From 1795 to 1832 Coleridge filled more than fifty pocket notebooks with his observations and lucubrations on a very great variety of material and spiritual things. Scanty use has hitherto been made of this great accumulation of material. Mr. Coleridge gives a careful list of the various drafts that have been made upon it, ending with "a few quotations from diaries of tours in the Lake Country and on the Continent" that appear in the foot-notes of the 'Letters.' At the risk of injuring his collection, Mr. Coleridge has omitted from it what has been used already. But the aim of the editor is something more than to give a selection of admirable sentences and aphorisms. He would "enable the reader to form some estimate of those strange self-communings to which Coleridge devoted so much of his intellectual energies, and by means of which he hoped to pass through the mists and shadows of words and thoughts to a steadier contemplation, to the apprehension if not the comprehension of the mysteries of Truth and Being." Mr. Coleridge has made it easy for the reader to find what he seeks and to skip what he doesn't care for by a series of marginal notes, many of them brief quotations from Coleridge and other poets, the whole succession being very happily conceived.

The selections made could all without much violence, if any, be brought under four heads: observations of nature; comments upon friends; self-criticism; approaches to things ethical, religious, theosophical. The observations upon nature are occasionally scientific, but generally æsthetic. For one so introverted as Coleridge they show a remarkable intensity of engagement with things visible and tangible. Shelley is generally regarded as *par excellence* our meteorological poet, but Coleridge's predilection for the lovely mysteries of the weather does not seem to have been less pronounced. Reading many of these observations, it is evident that the atmospheric felicities of 'The Ancient Mariner' were not evolved entirely from his inner consciousness; that if he did not write with his eye on the object, he did write remembering his emotion in tranquillity. The precious sonnet, "Fancy in Nubibus," is evidently a genuine report of doings to which Coleridge was much addicted, but in most of the examples given here of his dealings with cloud-land he is content with the actual appearance; only there must be something of mysterious fascination in it to attract and hold him. In many of these observations we are very near to that region of the poet's mind out of which came the skyscape of the ode "Dejection" and the loveliest of all the marginal readings of 'The Ancient Mariner'—that about "the Journeying Moon and the stars that still sojourn and still move onward." For example:

"A most remarkable sky! The moon, now waned to a perfect ostrich egg, hangs over our house almost, only so much beyond it, gardenward, that I can see it, holding my head out of the smaller study window. The sky is covered with whitish and with dingy cloudage, their dingiest scud close under the moon, and one side of it moving, all else moveless; but there are two great breaks of blue sky: the one stretches over our house and away towards Castlerigg, and this is speckled and blotched with white cloud; the other hangs over the road, in the line of the road, in the shape of an ellipse or shuttle, I do not know what to call it—this is unspeckled, all blue, three stars in it—more in the former break, all unmoving. The water, leaden white, even as the gray gleam of water is in latest twilight. Now while I have been writing this and gazing between whiles (it is forty minutes past two) the break over the road is swallowed up, and the stars gone; the break over the house is narrowed into a rude circle, and on the edge of its circumference one very bright star. See! already the white mass, thinning at its edge, *fights* with its brilliance. See! it has bedimmed it, and now it is gone, and the moon is gone."

Of the comments upon friends, those upon Wordsworth are the most interesting and valuable. But not all his readers will agree with Coleridge's disparagement of Wordsworth's shorter poems as compared with "The Prelude":

"In those little poems his own corrections, coming of necessity so often, wore him out, difference of opinion with his best friends irritated him, and he wrote, at times, too much with a sectarian spirit, with a sort of bravado. But now he is at the helm of a nobler bark; now he sails right onward; it is all open ocean and a steady breeze, and he drives right before it, unfretted by short tacks, reefing and unreefing the sails, hauling and disentangling the ropes. His only disease is in having been out of his element; his return to it is food to famine; it is both the specific remedy and the condition of health."

This lofty praise, however, is shortly followed by this harsh disparagement:

"But surely always to look at the superficies of objects for the purpose of taking delight in their beauty, and sympathy with their real or imagined life, is as deleterious to the health

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of manhood as always to be peering and unravelling contrivance may be to the simplicity of the affections and the grandeur and unity of the imagination."

The occasion of this comment was "a most unpleasant dispute with Wordsworth and Hazlitt" on teleology. Hazlitt is punished even more severely than Wordsworth for speaking "so irreverently, so malignantly of the Divine Wisdom." But for the capitals we might think Coleridge's wisdom was intended.

"Hazlitt, how easily raised to rage and hatred self-projected! but who shall find the force that can drag him out of the depths into one expression of kindness, into the showing of one gleam of the light of love on his countenance?"

There is more of this and worse, but the next day we find him sitting to Hazlitt for his portrait, which, let us trust, was more flattering than his portrait of Hazlitt. His own be sketches many times, and there is a strange mingling in this self-portraiture of abject humility and unconscious pride. But sometimes the note of self-esteem is as frank as possible. Thus:

"There are two sorts of talkative fellows whom it would be injurious to confound. The first sort is those who use five hundred more words than needs to express an idea. That is not my case. Few men, I will be bold to say, put more into their words than I, or choose them more deliberately and discriminately."

His own trouble is that he has five hundred times too many ideas for his words. There is much insistence on his need of the sympathy and support of others, and this without miscalculation. His evil habit is barely touched upon, but there are passages that seem to indicate its sway. We find him studious of his dreams and of the half-light between sleep and waking. The essence of his character is nowhere more apparent than in a passage where he makes God in his own image: "Something inherently mean in action! Even the creation of the universe disturbs my idea of the Almighty's greatness—would do so but that I perceive that Thought with him creates." "A time will come when passiveness will attain the dignity of worthy activity," when men will be "proud of having remained in a state of deep, tranquil emotion."

There are many incidental touches of great beauty, admirable criticisms upon men and books, verbal felicities of surprising force and charm. He is vexed that "he must admire, ay, greatly admire, Richardson. His mind is so very vile a mind, so oozy, hypocritical, praise-mad, canting, envious, concupiscent." He contemplates a poem on bells and sets down several hints for it, but with no word about Schiller's "Song of the Bell," of which he probably knew and was unconsciously reminiscent. The attempts at humor are duller than the leaden bell which Froude imagined that he heard in Browning's verse. The religious parts are generally impressive so long as they are predominantly ethical. When they are merely speculative they are filmy and intangible, but will undoubtedly commend themselves to those who thrill to an idea in proportion to its incomprehensibility. There is a noble passage upon immortality (pp. 170, 171), in the course of which occurs a remarkable anticipation of the idea that was central to Prof. Huxley's anti-supernaturalist position: "If a miracle merely means an event before inexperienced, it proves only itself and the inexperience of mankind." Huxley's statement of the matter was that a day-fly had more reason to think a thunder-storm supernatural than we to think so the most exceptional thing we can imagine.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden's Living Topics Cyclopedia. Abb—Boy. J. B. Alden.
Allen, Charles. Papier Mâché. Edward Arnold.
Andrews, J. De W. The Works of James Wilson. 2 vols. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.
Bergen, J. Y. Elements of Botany. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.20.
Betz, L. P. Pierre Bayle und die "Nouvelles de la République des Lettres." Zürich: Albert Müller.
Beynon, Lieut. W. G. L. With Kelly to Chitral. Edward Arnold.
Bing, S. La Culture Artistique en Amérique. Paris. New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.
Bishop, J. R. Selections from Vergil's Georgics for Sight Reading. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. 25c.
Bishop, W. H. 1896, and the Five Redemption Years. Toledo, O.: Crusader Publishing Co. 50c.
Black, H. C. Handbook on the Construction and Interpretation of the Laws. St. Paul: West Publishing Co. $3.75.
Christian, Sydney. Persis Yorke. Macmillan. $1.25.
Davis, R. H. Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America. Harpers.
D'Esterre-Keeling, Elsa. Old Maids and Young. Cassell. 50c.
Doyle, A. C. The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. Appletons. $1.50.
Drinkwater, J. M. Paul French's Way. Boston: A. I. Bradley & Co. $1.25.
Ewing, Emma P. The Art of Cookery. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent. $1.75.
Forman, H. B. The Letters of John Keats. Complete revised ed. London: Reeves & Turner; New York: Scribners. $3.20.
Foster, Prof. G. C., and Atkinson, Prof. E. Elementary Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.25.
Frith, Walter. In Search of Quiet: A Country Journal. Harpers.
Gollancz, Israel. Coriolanus and Troilus and Cressida. [Temple Shakspere.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. Each 45c.
Gumplowicz, Prof. Louis. Précis de Sociologie. Paris: Léon Chailley.
Halsey, J. L., and E. D. Thomas Halsey of Hertfordshire, England, and Southampton, Long Island, 1591-1679, with his American Descendants to the Eighth and Ninth Generations. Morristown, N. J.: *The Jerseyman.*
Hardy, Thomas. The Trumpet-Major. Harpers. $1.50.
Hardy, Thomas. The Woodlanders. Harpers. $1.50.
Heffly, N. P. A Complete Manual of the Pitman System of Phonography. American Book Co. $1.25.
Hornaday, W. T. The Man Who Became a Savage. Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co. $1.50.
Hornbrook, A. R. Concrete Geometry for Beginners. American Book Co. 75c.
Hornung, E. W. Irralie's Bushranger. Scribners. 75c.
Howard, F. E. The Child-Voice in Singing. E. S. Werner. $1.
Howells, W. D. The Day of their Wedding. Harpers. $1.25.
Hunter, P. H. James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder. Harpers.
Johnson, Prof. Franklin. The Quotations of the New Testament from the Old. American Baptist Publication Society. $2.
Kenyon, J. B. An Oaten Pipe. J. Selwin Tait & Sons.
Lindley, Dr. Walter, and Widney, Dr. J. P. California of the South. Third edition, rewritten. Appletons. $2.
Macgibbon, David, and Ross, Thomas. The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Scotland. Vol. I. Edinburgh: David Douglas.
Mackinnon, James. The Union of England and Scotland: A Study of International History. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
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